Kennedy vs Keating *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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VIETNAM

Tran Minh and the Editors

Letter from Piemonte — *N. T. di Giovanni*

Lenny Bruce on Trial — *Albert Goldman*

Barry's Bomber Gap — *Raymond D. Senter*

Ibn Saud's Saga — *Elizabeth Monroe*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The GOP Tradition

★ Barry Goldwater says he is "restoring" the GOP to its original conservatism after being kidnapped by "Eastern liberal internationalists." We're interested in history and believe there isn't a word of truth in his claim. In fact, the GOP Old Guard nominated genuine conservatives only twice in this century.

Teddy Roosevelt was nominated in 1904. He fought the Old Guard throughout. He picked Taft as successor, feeling he was a moderate. It is true, Taft later identified himself with the Old Guard. But outside of the tariff his four years were notable for much liberal legislation; he started more antitrust suits than TR. He was an internationalist and after his Presidency led the fight for Wilson's League.

Charles Evans Hughes, next in line, was a celebrated "moderate." After him (1920) came the first conservative, Harding, the worst Presidential failure of the century. Then came Calvin Coolidge, a second real conservative, whose place in history is not much above Harding's. It is with these two that Senator Goldwater evidently equates genuine Republicanism.

Was Hoover a Goldwater conservative? Certainly not. In the context of his time he was an internationalist and moderate, who got his present label largely from contemporary contrasts with FDR. Much the same is true of Alf Landon who did, it is true, trim his moderate, or even liberal, views to the political situation as he saw it in 1936, but who has many times showed his modernism since. In fact the AP quoted him at San Francisco as saying that the virus of Goldwater's views would work itself out of the party and "be forgotten after November."

So now we come to Willkie, Dewey and Eisenhower. This is a period of 24 years. The three were, of course, moderates. They are the men against whom Senator Goldwater is rebelling, as he is against his party's candidates for the whole of the 20th Century, with two lonely exceptions, and not even Harding or Coolidge would have made the reckless charges of his Prescott, Arizona, speech.

Senator Goldwater is not taking his party back to basic beliefs but is breaking away from the accepted norms of both older parties to try to found a Goldwater party. The infiltration and take-over of the GOP is a feature of 1964. Former Congressman John Rousselot, public relations director of the John Birch Society, claims that more than 100 delegates and alternates at San Francisco were Birchites. Senator Goldwater's ghostwriter, Stephen Shadegg in his new book, *How to Win an Election,* praises Communist leader Mao Tse-tung's "tactics of infiltration," a technique which presumably helped Senator Goldwater, with a minority of popular strength, get the GOP nomination. "In the Goldwater campaigns of 1952 and 1958 and in all other campaigns where I have served as a consultant," Shadegg candidly writes, "I have followed the advice of Mao Tse-tung. . . ." ("Give me just two or three men in a village and I will take the village.")

"Close to 100 Percent"

★ Here in Washington a valuable agency that keeps tab on rightist organizations, *Group Research Report, Inc.,* tells how extremists are climbing aboard the Goldwater bandwagon. "We have no time to lose," veteran bigot Gerald L. K. Smith writes to his supporters, after worrying for months over Goldwater's Jewish ancestry. Robert DePugh says at the headquarters of The Minutemen (who are training in guerrilla fighting to prevent a Communist seizure), "the Minutemen are as close to being 100 percent for Goldwater as is possible for an organization to be." The Reverend Billy James Hargis who runs the Christian Crusade (tax exempt, because supposedly nonpartisan) told the annual meeting at Dallas: "It behooves all of us to work to get him elected." At the same meeting General Edwin A. Walker and Birch Founder Robert Welch also had nice things to say about Barry.

The list is long. The GOP platform didn't repudiate extremists and when Goldwater's hand-picked GOP national chairman, Dean Burch, was first asked about the KKK he said that so long as the Klan was not in the business of overthrowing the government "we're not in the business of discouraging votes." Later Messrs. Goldwater and Miller said they didn't want the Klan's backing.

Incidentally, it turns out that as long as two years ago an Internal Revenue examiner at Baltimore recommended that oil tycoon H. L. Hunt's conservative "Life Line" should lose its tax exempt status because it is in fact political. No action yet. How long can these right-wing radio programs be supported by you and me, in a tax exempt status? *America's Future, Inc.* (Herbert Philbrick; Fred Schwarz) provides a weekly commentary by R. K. Scott to some 400 stations of the Mutual network; Hunt says his radio-TV program reaches six million weekdays.

A Business Expense

★ Ralph Cordiner was chairman of General Electric, largest of the 29 firms that pleaded guilty in 1961 to criminal price-fixing and bid-rigging. His firm was fined $437,000, plus costs of subsequent triple damage suits brought by defrauded customers. Three of his immediate subordinates went to jail but bland Mr. Cordiner said he never knew anything about it. Last week Senator Goldwater went to New York to solicit campaign funds from business executives. The host? Mr. Cordiner.

Our policy is to forgive and forget. We note that the mellow Internal Revenue Service has just ruled that triple damages assessed against the electric conspirators, led by GE, may be deducted from income tax. They are, it seems, "ordinary and necessary" business expenses.

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The CIA Analysis

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It was belatedly revealed last month that a leading member of the Central Intelligence Agency was in agreement with *The New Republic* about Vietnam. This ought not to have caused a hubbub: the CIA is an incredibly expensive outfit whose job is supposed to be to get at the real truth, and the truth about Vietnam has not only been described painstakingly in these columns on a large number of occasions but has been staring everyone in the face for quite some time. The real hubbub should have been over the fact that the CIA man apparently wrote his report in February but did not get it past his board until June, and it achieved a wider audience only through the hard work of a Chicago journalist, whose alert snooping scooped the nation's top snoopers.

The CIA expert said that in South Vietnam the Viet Cong guerrilla fighters, depending largely on their own resources, were pressing their offensive more vigorously than ever, and in consequence no end of the fighting appeared to be in sight. The war was really more of a political contest than a military operation, and there was serious doubt that victory could be won by the Saigon regime because of its continued floundering. In the probable absence of victory over the guerrillas, there *might* be a long stalemate, *if* large-scale US support were continued, and *if* further political deterioration could be prevented. But another possibility was some kind of negotiated settlement based on neutralization, which might come about by a combination of political evolution in Vietnam, and developments elsewhere.

This CIA view is unlikely, apart from the nature of its source, to come as a lively shock to our constant, or even our casual, readers. But it produced a brief sensation in Washington, until other events pressing hard upon its publication served at once to confirm its gloomy diagnosis and to rob it of all novelty. Political deterioration in South Vietnam *has* continued and, if the rate of rot fails to abate, soon the only question will be whether some kind of negotiated settlement can be deferred until after November or must be sought even in the heat of a Presidential election campaign. An article by a Vietnamese writer giving a Vietnamese view – one which is not that of the CIA or necessarily of *The New Republic* – appears on page 7 of this issue. But South Vietnam, indeed Southeast Asia, is only one part of the world where the United States may be facing some hard decisions. There are others; and a great merit of the CIA report, ignored in the fuss over a single paragraph about Vietnam, is that it

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put those global problems in perspective.

What it said in effect was that the situation in underdeveloped parts of the world (which means in about two-thirds of it) is showing such growing disorder and drift toward anarchy that outside nations will be well advised to take the utmost care not to involve their prestige. Khrushchev got himself involved in Cuba and the world lay under the threat of atomic war for some uneasy hours. As disorder spreads in considerable areas of the globe – and the CIA analyst makes it clear that he believes it is going to spread – there may be all kinds of revolutionary bids or guerrilla movements staged by individuals and groups calling themselves Castroists or Communists who, however, are not acting on the orders of Moscow, Peking or Havana but are merely striving to catch their eye and maybe get their support. And other groups may similarly organize or carry out plots to try to get US support. This it seems is the sort of world in which we are now living; and it is a very far cry from the simple world (still fervently believed in by Senator Goldwater) of "the international Communist conspiracy." Not a Soviet plot, not even a Chinese plot, but eruptions of angry nationalists, religious quarrels, rows between different sorts of Communists as the Communist "bloc" continues steadily to dissolve into rival ideological gangs, and the inevitable appearance of political and military adventurers: these are what the world has to fear. Neither nuclear weapons nor "counter-insurgency" will put an end to the instability of Asia, Africa, Latin America and the Middle East. According to the Central Intelligence Agency's estimate of world trends, what is happening in those large areas is that, as old empires and autocracies pass away, they are replaced by disorder and anarchy, under the pressures of illiteracy and giant population explosions. China and to some extent India are dubious halfway houses between reasonably stable powers and hungry regions of threatened upheaval. We are living, in fact, on a planet that has largely got out of control. If the outside powers propose to stir this miserable brew, they will either have to learn how to get out of the kitchen when it boils over or else get badly scalded. Southeast Asia may very well come to a boil any day.

The AID Analysis

Considering the furore raised by the gloomy CIA report on Vietnam, one might assume that nothing similar had come from official sources before. Yet even in May, 1963, before the Buddhist riots and the fall of the Diem regime, AID was painting a similar picture. A province-by-province survey gave a clear picture of the failure of the controversial program to "control" the South Vietnamese population in order to cut off the Viet Cong from information, supplies and recruits. When the program first was prescribed, in 1962, some American officials complained that it would alienate the general population more than it would isolate the Viet Cong. Its methods included destruction of crops by poison sprays, checking movement of persons and goods, and requiring each individual to carry an identity card and each family to keep a group photograph. Instructions to conduct house searches, "in the early hours of the morning to insure the element of surprise," gave the program a Gestapo flavor.

The survey shows the degree of the failure of these police efforts. Roadblocks were found to have only limited usefulness. The guerrillas bypassed the checkpoints by using rivers, canals, side roads and footpaths. One sector adviser told the investigators: "The present static checkpoints appear to be more irritating to the public than to the Viet Cong."

Some successes are claimed at the 260 checkpoints. Contraband seized has included weapons, tools, drugs, textiles, plastics and materials for making explosives (a load of chicken manure was said to be a source of potassium nitrate for making gunpowder). But the AID team concluded that the checkpoints were largely ineffective, largely because of poor enforcement. Investigators found some checkpoint operators asleep, others with a do-nothing attitude – they just stood or sat. "At most of the checkpoints, the principal interest was collecting fines for overloading vehicles," the report said. "In one province, lottery tickets were sold in lieu of fines for minor violations."

Maps included in the report show that in 30 of the 40 provinces, the Viet Cong are at least 50 percent self-sufficient in food. Starving out the guerrillas, as was done by the British in Malaya, is much harder in Vietnam. In 29 provinces, the Viet Cong are self-sufficient in weapons supply, or else regard weapons needs as secondary. In all but nine provinces, the Viet Cong are rated as "active" or "occasionally active" as agitators, collectors, propagandists and recruiters. The "active" provinces nearly encircle Saigon. The Viet Cong collect local taxes in all but three provinces. The AID report says they tax income, production, land, peddlers and hamlets, and impose tolls on buses and commercial trucks. They tax farm machinery, boats, fish traps, food, rice, fish, coconuts and charcoal. "In one province in the Mekong delta area, they posted signs thanking the people for paying their taxes," the AID team reported.

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James V. Bennett's Prisons

The good guys and the bad guys seem to love James V. Bennett, who retired last month as Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons in charge of 22,000 prisoners and an $80 million budget. Al Capone liked him and even asked him to write his biography. He extravagantly promised Bennett the movie rights to the story, and the United States Attorney Generalship if he would do it. "Machine Gun" Kelly wrote to Bennett from Alcatraz. Kelly coined the term "G-Man," and was one of the FBI's most wanted men. He boasted that he could spell out his name in bullets. Kelly's letter to Bennett said: "Maybe you have asked yourself how can a man of even ordinary intelligence put up with this kind of life day in, day out, week after week, month after weary month, year after endless year.... To begin with, these five words seem written in fire on the walls of my cell: 'Nothing can be worth this.'... A man in prison cannot keep from being haunted by a vision of life as it used to be.... At such times I pay with a sense of delicious, overwhelming melancholy my tribute to life as it once was."

James V. Bennett was born in New York in 1894. After attending college at Brown, and law school at George Washington University, he came to the service of the federal government in 1919. In 1926, only a few years out of law school, Bennett became an investigator for the old Bureau of Efficiency, the forerunner of the present Bureau of the Budget. He was assigned to study and write a report about the federal prison system. He was amazed to find that the federal prison system was no more than a collection of feudal dukedoms. Conditions were savage; custodians carried clubs and guns, and prisoners lived primitive existences. There was overcrowding, and "bestial homosexuality." Bennett's report called for a revolutionary overhaul. He went on to write the legislation establishing the Bureau of Prisons, which he joined in 1930, and of which he was the director from 1937.

Bennett has been criticized – among other things, for refusing permission to Robert Stroude, the Birdman of Alcatraz, to publish his exposé of the federal prison system, and for denying prisoners the right to have sexual relations with their wives – but his solid achievements tower above the complaints.

The reform legislation which inspired the creation of the Prison Bureau was only a beginning. Bennett is credited with the creation of the Youth Correction Act, which gave judges flexibility in sentencing "youths" (at first 18-22, now 18-26), by providing for their release before completion of a full sentence. And the Act provided that for sufficient reasons the record of the conviction could later be expunged. This was followed by the Omnibus Sentencing Act, which extended the flexibility of indefinite sentencing to adults. It also provided for diagnostic evaluations of prisoners by appropriate non-judicial experts prior to sentencing, thus giving the judge more information upon which to base his sentence. This act also reduced the time for parole eligibility. Bennett's interest was in prisoners more than in prisons.

Federal Prison Industries won him the respect of liberal jurists as well as the applause of the most frugal legislators. One Senate aide says Bennett spoiled Congress by asking for less and less money. But Bennett combined economy with creative rehabilitation. Federal Prison Industries operates all factories and shops in prisons, pays wages to prisoners, finances their vocational training, and nets the government a profit. In 1934 this business had net sales of $4 million. In 1963 it earned a total of $40 million from 53 going concerns, and made a net profit of $7 million. Bennett also extended prison farms, and furnished his facilities with surplus government property.

Bennett closed Alcatraz, desegregated prisons before the Supreme Court's famous decision, proposed legislation for special treatment of women, juveniles and narcotics addicts, began using prisoners to do odd jobs at military establishments, wrote about and lobbied for bail reform, and planned better prison architecture. His most recent innovation has been the development of Halfway Houses. These are pre-release guidance centers, where youthful offenders (16-20) are able to serve the end of their sentences while working at regular jobs "on the outside." The youths are helped to find jobs, and also get personal counseling. The result has been a remarkable lowering of the return-to-prison rates of young offenders. Halfway Houses were begun in 1961 and exist in Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, New York, and soon in Washington, D. C. Now Bennett wants them for promising adult prisoners also.

Bennett says society is to blame for the fact that of the 750,000 prisoners who have been his wards (about one-third were youths), one-third returned to prison. He asks what sense it makes to spend $2,000 a year to keep a man in prison, and then release him with a $20 bill? To him it is amazing that in those circumstances about 70 percent of prison graduates managed to stay out of trouble after they were released.

Bennett says: "It is not coddling to make a socialized human being out of a criminal. A deliberately punitive prison program would have vastly destructive effects on the public welfare. For with the exception of three or four out of a hundred who die in prison, the rest all come out some day. They come right back into the community, and it is to make this day filled with hope, not hate, that prison programs should point."

Ronald Goldfarb

Mr. Goldfarb *is the author of* The Contempt Power.

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Education in Prison

Idleness among the inmates is not a problem at the Maryland State Penitentiary. Of the 1,360 prisoners there, more than half are enrolled in School 101, the School of Adult Education, working toward junior high school diplomas and senior high school equivalency degrees, which make the prison students eligible for college course work. Over the years, federal prison authorities have held up the Maryland prison as a model for other states to follow.

The school got its start in the early 1950's and has moved from once small and crowded rooms in the laundry building to large, airy classrooms, with blackboards, storage cupboards and books provided by the state. Ten classrooms each can hold 30 students seated at arm-chair desks. There is also a typing room with 12 new machines, in use most of the 10 hours the classes are in session, beginning at noon.

Students in grades one to eight have the usual curriculum – reading, geography, spelling, history and arithmetic, with some science; upper classmen take courses in mechanical drafting, industrial design and science, shorthand and typing.

The breakdown of the current student body of 760 is: 20 each in the first and second grades, 40 each in the third and fourth, 30 each in the fifth and sixth, 45 in the seventh and eighth, also 45 in the ninth and tenth, and 60 in eleventh and twelfth. More than 100 are taking international correspondence courses, 120 are studying college level courses, with all others taking vocational training in such areas as radio, TV repair, wood craft and air-conditioning repair.

Sixteen inmate teachers, some serving for murder, armed-robbery, and embezzlement – along with three full-time professional teachers from outside, certified by the state – prepare course work and teach. Sherman Brett, former director of the program and now warden of the prison, seeks qualities of leadership among his inmate teachers as well as a high school diploma, earned on the outside before imprisonment or via the school itself. One inmate, a 34-year-old lifer, teaches math, algebra and some trigonometry when there are students wanting to study it; another 23-year-old serving life plus 10 teaches English.

"Most inmate teachers on the staff here," says Ronald A. Gleckler, the present program director, "are doing at least 20 years. Only four are here for under 10." (For the first time since school began more than 20 years ago, inmate teachers are permitted to take outside correspondence courses at such universities as Tennessee, Minnesota and Penn State. The credits can be applied toward a BA and the state pays the tab.)

"Our biggest problem is – and continues to be – speech," says director Gleckler. "These prisoners, in just about every grade, still have a tough time reading and writing." Baltimore is sending an elementary speech specialist to teach inmate teachers phonics.

On graduation day last June, the valedictorian told his classmates his dreams of going on to college. Jonathan Sellers, a 33-year-old Negro, said: "Knowledge alone must not be the real goal . . . what counts is the use later made of that knowledge. Our diplomas are not laurels for us to rest on."

School 101 is listed in the University of Maryland catalogue as an adjunct institution. Last year, 88 inmates completed their first semester in Psychology I, and 47 completed Psychology II. To date, two prisoners have earned their 60 credits and Associate of Arts degrees. One, a printer, still serves time for forgery; the other is a master electrician, in for murder. The university-administered program has proved so effective that Baltimore Junior College this year offers inmates two courses, English and composition.

Of 450 graduates released since the system started, only eight percent have returned, perhaps proving that when no class cuts are permitted, the student does get something drummed into his head.

LLOYD B. DENNIS

A Student's Dividend in Georgia

Antioch College encourages its students to involve themselves in social action. College President James Payson Dixon once observed that "the experience of involvement produces dividends the students can get in no other way." In the spring of 1963 Joni Rabinowitz, an Antioch student and a lawyer's daughter, took Dr. Dixon's advice and went to Albany, Georgia, to join the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in efforts to increase the number of registered Negro voters there. She was, of course, arrested, harassed and humiliated.

This is commonplace for SNCC workers. What makes Miss Rabinowitz's case distinctive is that she was hailed before a grand jury in a Kafkaesque manner (the purpose of the grand jury apparently was not disclosed in the subpoena), and questioned about picketing by civil rights workers of a white store. It seemed that the owner of the store had previously been a member of an all-white jury that had refused damages to a Negro who had been shot by a sheriff; subsequently, the Negro (not the sheriff) got five years, for assault, from another all-white jury.

Apparently it was suspected that the white storekeeper was being picketed not for refusing to hire Negroes but for having been a juror. It is said that the

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Department of Justice takes the gravest view of retaliations against jurors. What had all this to do with Miss Rabinowitz? She was asked if she had seen the picketing. She said she had not. She was then accused of perjury. She denied it, and at her trial produced 12 witnesses who declared that they were present at the picketing but she was not. A thirteenth witness, a young white woman somewhat resembling Miss Rabinowitz, admitted to being there; the defense suggestion was that the charge of perjury might after all rest on a case of mistaken identity. The defense called three character witnesses, one of them a Congregationalist minister, to testify that Miss Rabinowitz usually tells the truth. The prosecution called the Albany chief of police, who said that Miss Rabinowitz had complained of mistreatment in the Albany jail, and was therefore a liar. But the Albany chief of police had said, according to the Albany press, that the Albany jail "leaves a shameful impression on anybody . . . we are forced to confine prisoners in old unsanitary cells."

Miss Rabinowitz was convicted of perjury and sentenced to serve anywhere between 30 days and four years in prison. Now, 74 distinguished Americans, including Hans J. Morgenthau and Robert M. Hutchins, have felt bound to enter the case, which is on appeal, in Miss Rabinowitz's defense. They seem to us to have acted correctly. Even if Miss Rabinowitz is ultimately acquitted, however, one must ask why the Justice Department continued the prosecution once the inadequacy of its case became apparent. The Department usually refuses to prosecute white violations of Negro rights, on the ground that no amount of evidence will persuade a Southern jury to convict; has it also decided to prosecute *any* case made out against civil rights workers, on the ground that Southern juries will convict even on questionable evidence?

What Comes Next in Vietnam?

by Tran Minh

Bloody days in South Vietnam ended on August 29 in an uneasy compromise. "Jack Owen," who became acting Prime Minister, is really Dr. Nguyen Xuan Oanh, who was born 45 years ago in North Vietnam. American friends nicknamed him Jack Owen because "Oanh" is pronounced like "Owen." He studied at Kyoto University in Japan and worked with the American Occupation in Tokyo from 1946 to 1948. Moving to the United States in 1951, he took his Master's and PhD degrees (in Economics) at Harvard, where he also taught. Later, in 1960, he joined the staff of the International Monetary Fund and settled down as a bachelor in Washington, D. C.

Dr. Oanh always took a deep interest in Vietnamese politics. At the time of the overthrow of President Ngo Dinh Diem's regime on November 1, 1963, he was connected with the Dai Viet Party, through friends in France, including Dr. Nguyen Ton Hoan, the Deputy Prime Minister in charge of Pacification. Dr. Oanh went to Saigon, and became Minister for Economic Affairs in the regime of the new head of state, Major General Duong Van Minh, and the civilian Prime Minister, Mr. Nguyen Ngoc Tho. When this regime was ended by the bloodless coup instigated by Major General Nguyen Khanh on January 30, 1964, Oanh became Deputy Prime Minister.

He kept telling everybody he was above partisan politics. On August 29, after four days of rioting in the cities of Saigon, Hue and Da Nang, a triumvirate composed of Major General Duong Van Minh, Major General Nguyen Khanh and Lieutenant General Tran Thien Khiem, the Minister of Defense, was set up to lead the nation. It designated Dr. Nguyen Xuan Oanh as acting Prime Minister.

His powers are as unclear as is the political future of Vietnam; but his main job was to pick up the pieces of government left behind by General Khanh. It was a job that nobody in Saigon envied him. Cynics say he is the Americans' man in Vietnam, and that his appointment was approved by Ambassador Taylor, as a step toward the United States taking over both the direction of the war and the civil administration.

General Khanh left for Dalat, a relatively secure mountain resort with an agreeable climate. Dr. Oanh told the nation that Khanh was "mentally and physically ill and he needs a rest." Few believed this, for Khanh is only 37. General Khanh is haunted by memories of the deposed Emperor Bao Dai, and the murdered President Ngo Dinh Diem and Diem's brother Ngo Dinh Nhu. He must reflect on his fast rise and even faster fall.

On August 16, Khanh made himself President of the

TRAN MINH *is the pen name of a Vietnamese writer who has studied in the United States and has close relations with political circles in Saigon.*

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Republic of Vietnam, establishing virtually one-man rule. On August 25, amid protests and demonstrations, he had to step down again, and he took political shelter in the triumvirate that was formed on August 27. The *troika*, he soon found out, did not work, for each head was looking in a different direction: General Duong Van Minh for the support of the Buddhists, General Tran Thien Khiem for the support of the Catholics, and he himself looking everywhere and nowhere, expecting his soldiers to close ranks behind him. The riots went on and the triumvirate chose "Jack Owen."

Khanh made three chief errors. He ousted his senior and elder, General Duong Van Minh, in a country where age and seniority still have much meaning. By accusing the generals in the Duong Van Minh regime of plotting to bring about a neutralist regime in Vietnam (for which he produced no evidence), he actually encouraged the idea of neutralism among the people; for most of the Vietnamese, after 20 years of war and revolutions and political betrayals from the left and the right, make little differentiation between neutralism and peace.

Khanh's third mistake was to imagine that his call for a "march to the north" would enable him to blackmail the Americans into deeper involvement in the Vietnamese war. When on August 5, 1964, aircraft of the Seventh Fleet destroyed the North Vietnamese PT boats and their supply installations in Tonkin Bay, General Khanh thought that the United States was embarking on a war against North Vietnam, and possibly China, and therefore he signed the paper for the perpetuation of his own power. He should have been better informed about the policy of the United States regarding Vietnam, a policy which surely must have been made plain to him by Ambassador Taylor.

Having once tasted power, however, Khanh is seeking to make a real comeback. But the Army is divided in its loyalty: between himself, the ambitious and quiet General Tran Thien Khiem, and General Duong Van Minh, with General Minh probably scoring the most points. And even if Khanh had military backing, the luster of a military regime for South Vietnam has become very dim, for the military have not only failed to make progress in the fight against the Viet Cong, but even to keep law and order in the cities.

A new power is rising, which showed its strength in its ability to move the mass of Buddhists and students. It has been in the process of getting organized for a long time, by a skillful and experienced militant: Thich (Venerable) Tri Quang, the Buddhist monk who defied the police machine of Ngo Dinh Nhu and the autocratic regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem. His organization is called the People's Revolutionary Committee, with its seat of power in Hue – the former Imperial City, whose alluring River of Perfume has never softened the revolutionary spirit of its people. The spokesman of the Revolutionary Committee, the guiding force of which is undoubtedly Thich Tri Quang, is Professor Le Khac Quyen, dean of the medical faculty of the University of Hue – an institution whose prestige is very great.

Professor Le Khac Quyen participated in the resistance against the French, but was disenchanted with the Communists and was imprisoned by Diem during the Buddhist uprising last year. In an interview in Hue on August 29, Dr. Le Khac Quyen said that "we will hold a convention in Saigon to elect a new government within a few weeks, a month and a half at most." He says that his Committee is strongly opposed both to Communism and to the Can Lao, the secret party created by the late Ngo Dinh Nhu as an instrument of his repressive policy. A group of Hue University professors including Le Khac Quyen sent President Johnson a message on August 26, through the US Consul in Hue, asking Mr. Johnson and Congress to "remove" the Khanh government. Professor Le Khac Quyen's Committee has called for "the establishment of relations with the United States and other allies on a new and equal basis," and it frowns on the military engaging in politics, which almost rules out the prospect of General Khanh coming back to power with the consent of this new force. The future government, if Professor Le Khac Quyen and his Revolutionary Committee form it, will be a civilian government.

Le Khac Quyen's Revolutionary Committee has been calling on the United States to eschew "intermediaries" and to deal directly with "the people," meaning apparently with the Committee as representing the wishes of the Buddhist majority. The Committee strongly objects to the Venerable Tri Quang being called a Communist, and says that if the Americans do not "talk directly to our people, a people who have had 4,000 years of struggle against all kinds of oppressions and dictatorships," they will "build a castle on sand."

There now appear to be only three courses left for the United States to choose from. The US can go on supporting "strong men" in South Vietnam – and then watch them continue to fail. This course also runs the risk of the US finding itself fighting the Vietnamese people as well as fighting the Communists. Or it can choose a puppet through whom it can attempt to make a deal for a settlement with the North, but without the Vietnamese people being consulted. Or, finally, it can deal with the new Buddhist and nationalistic force in Vietnamese politics, which course might also end in there being negotiations, but broader-based ones, with the Viet Cong (and so indirectly with Ho Chi Minh in Hanoi) for an end to the present war. Meanwhile, it seems probable that, although Harvard intellectuals have brought new frontiers in the United States, Harvard-educated "Jack Owen" can only rouse resentment and suspicion toward the US among the Vietnamese.

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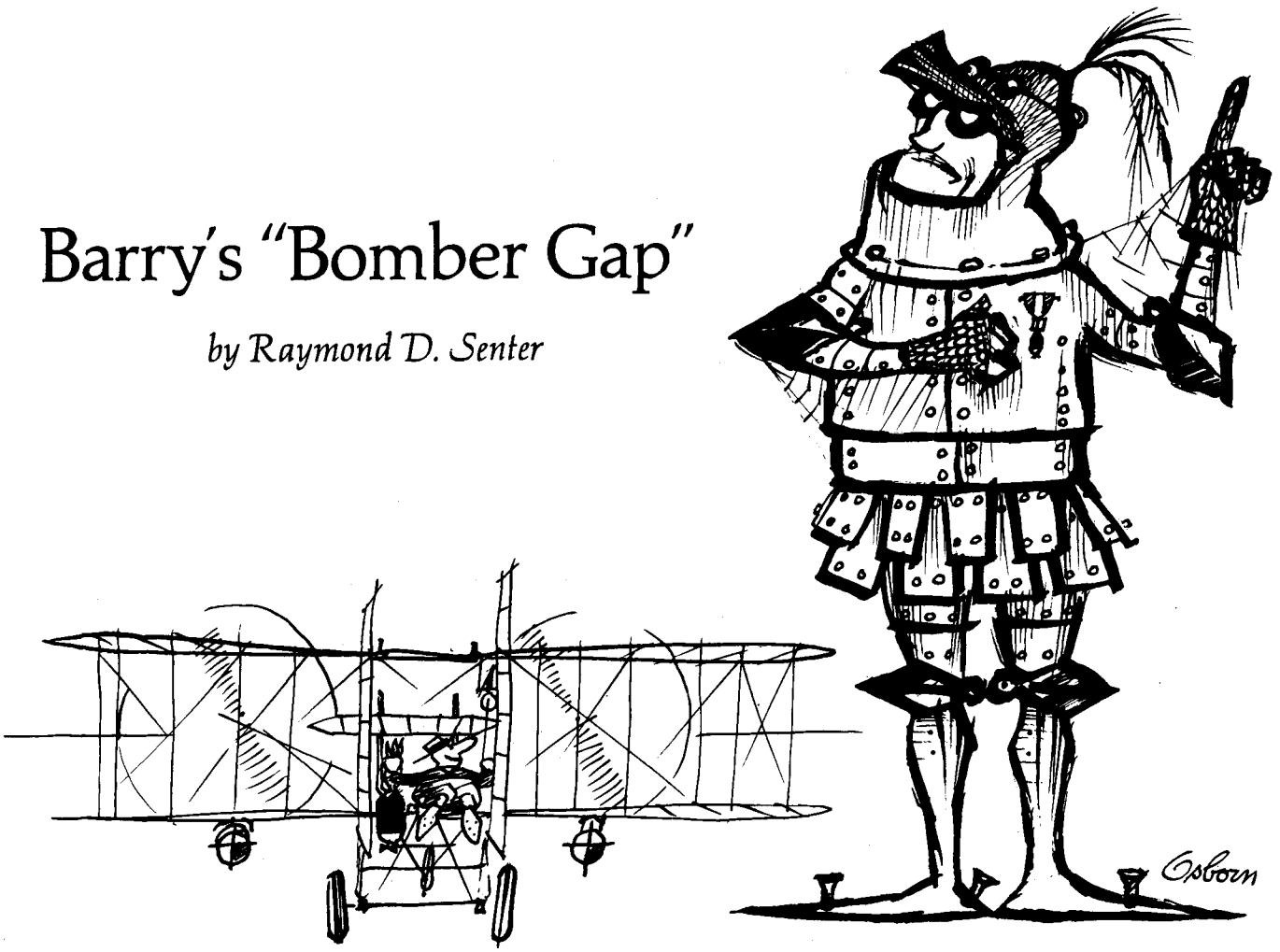
Barry's "Bomber Gap"

by Raymond D. Senter



The truth about the alleged "bomber gap" which Senator Barry Goldwater is trying to make a major political issue is that if the present Administration, and the Eisenhower Administration before it, had responded to the urgent pleas of the Air Force and Senator Goldwater himself during the last five years, the nation today would be committed to a $10 billion (or more) program of producing B-70 bombers, an airplane which even its once ardent admirers now privately admit would be poorly suited for its intended mission in the 1970's. This should be of interest to those Goldwater supporters who expect him to slash government expenditures if he is elected.

If there is no new strategic bomber on the near horizon it is hardly the fault of the Kennedy-Johnson Administration; for it was Barry's own Air Force itself which during the past decade urged the development of four different types of long-range strategic missiles, while recommending only a single new strategic bomber, the B-70, until a few months ago.

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It was Goldwater's close personal friend, Strategic Air Command chief General Thomas Power, who on January 19, 1960, warned of the extreme vulnerability of bombers to surprise missile attack, by pointing out that "with only some 300 ballistic missiles, the Soviets could virtually wipe out our entire nuclear strike capability within a span of 30 minutes." And it was only a month later, during Senate Armed Services Committee hearings, that General Power spoke hopefully about "the period of plenty with the Minutemen (ICBM), the mid-1960's, when we will have missiles in such quantity, hardened and dispersed, *that no one in this world will have any confidence factor that they can attack this country, even with surprise, and not receive a good-sized retaliatory blow.* (Italics added.)

There was no public outcry then from Senator Goldwater that the Air Force or the Eisenhower Administration was "putting too much reliance on unproven missiles," nor a few weeks later when General Power (in House Appropriations Committee testimony) said: "I think the requirement for the manned bomber will be a lot smaller than it is today in numbers. It will be reduced. I think you will get a better feel in about the

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mid-1960's as to how small the number will be."

At the same time, General Power expressed dissatisfaction with the decision of the Republican Administration to slow down the pace of the B-70 program. It was the Republicans, not the Democrats, who first developed doubts over the huge, 2,000 mph high-altitude bomber. But when the Kennedy Administration took over, its own studies confirmed this Republican skepticism. The Air Force, and Senator Goldwater, continued, however, to plug hard for a stepped-up B-70 program until about a year ago. Then suddenly, their ardor cooled.

Ever since the dawn of the strategic bomber, it has sought safety from enemy interceptor aircraft by trying to fly higher, and faster. The B-70, whose design was initiated in 1955, followed this historic pattern and was expected to fly at altitudes above 60,000 feet.

But during the late 1950's, both the US and USSR developed high-speed anti-aircraft missiles tipped with nuclear warheads which could easily climb to altitudes beyond that at which even a B-70 can fly. And the missile's nuclear warhead made it unnecessary to be very accurate to assure a high probability of destroying an attacking bomber.

Less than two years ago, the more advanced thinkers in the Air Force finally recognized this situation and were forced to devise a new strategy. That strategy called for an attacking bomber to drop down to nearly tree-top level when it neared enemy territory. Where a high-flying B-70 can be detected many hundreds of miles away by enemy radars, a very low-flying bomber would not be detected until it was on top of the radar, and then it would be a far more difficult target to hit with an anti-aircraft missile. Furthermore, anti-aircraft missiles could no longer use nuclear warheads that detonated at such low altitude, without posing a grave threat to the defenders.

Early in 1963, the Air Force began to explore the new low-altitude attack concept, using its present fleet of B-52's and B-58's. But it quickly found that when flying at very low altitude the bombers were subjected to extreme stresses, which explains the rash of bomber accidents in which the tail fell off or the aircraft otherwise disintegrated. As a result, the Air Force has launched a costly program to beef up the structure of these bombers.

The Muddled Air Force

But the B-70, with its unusual aerodynamic configuration especially designed for operation at 2,000 mph and at extremely high altitude, was poorly suited for low-altitude use, even with extensive modification. It was therefore only about a year ago that the Air Force belatedly concluded that it really didn't want the B-70 after all, and after spending some $1.5 billion on the bomber. Instead, it now wanted an entirely new bomber specifically designed to be capable of low-altitude attacks. But it should also be able to attack from high altitude in case current thinking again changed.

But there were many unanswered questions. Should the new bomber be able to fly at supersonic speeds at low-altitude, say around 1,000 mph, which would require a much sturdier and heavier airplane to withstand buffeting at such altitude? And could the flight crew continue to perform its mission efficiently under such conditions, or would a subsonic speed of about 600 mph be adequate, making life easier for both the airplane and its crew, but perhaps making them more vulnerable to enemy action?

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara asked the Air Force and its aircraft contractors to study these and other problems and come up with a well thought-out proposal. Instead, the Air Force pressed for initiation of a full-scale development program, even though it did not yet know precisely what it wanted. Anxious to avoid a repetition of the costly B-70 program, the Administration has resisted Congressional, Air Force and more recently Goldwater pressure to proceed with more speed.

If there is indeed a "bomber gap," and if it is of greater military consequence than the "battleship gap" and the "cavalry gap" of earlier decades, and if the blame must be pinned on a single agency, then the Air Force is that group. A more dispassionate appraisal a decade hence may charge it up to the technological revolution that has occurred in weapons manufacture during recent years.

Goldwater's Communications

Although Senator Barry Goldwater is anxious to delegate authority for the use of nuclear weapons to military field officers, as the Republican commander-in-chief he insists on retaining tight control over important campaign decisions.

To assure that Goldwater can be reached during aircraft flights, when he might be out of touch for an hour or even two, the Republican National Committee last week requested Federal Communications Commission approval to equip two charter aircraft with mobile radio stations to tie into land-based telephone circuits. The FCC approved.

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The Hosts of Unreason

Kennedy vs Keating in New York State

by Murray Kempton

It was Tetjens, wasn't it, who said that he had no politics which were not destroyed in the 18th Century?

The New York State Republican Party sits where Tetjens did. It is an island of reason stormed upon and run over by tides of emotion – last month the malignant and the vengeful in Barry Goldwater; this month the sentimental and the nostalgic in Robert F. Kennedy.

The New York Republicans met last week to renominate Kenneth B. Keating, their incumbent Senator. Keating walked out on the national party near the peroration of Senator Goldwater's acceptance speech and has not come back since. He is ordinarily a jaunty, often a combative and always a gallant man, the sort for whom Pearl Harbor need only happen for him to enlist immediately.

The Goldwaterites sought to punish Keating by running Clare Booth Luce against him. There is the suspicion that Mrs. Luce's writer died unnoticed a few years ago; still she would have been sound enough of wind and limb to be a dependable vessel of seduction from Keating for 200,000 ordinary Republicans. The New York State Republican Party disposed of her by calling the only mortgage it held on Barry Goldwater. New York informed Goldwater that, if Mrs. Luce started, the Senator could not expect the token support the state organization was otherwise resigned to lending him.

And so Mrs. Luce came to the Republican Convention: to announce her withdrawal as an independent candidate, to say that there is no substitute for the loyalty of one to all, to pat Tom Dewey on the shoulder, and to be thereafter remembered by every speaker as a distinguished and gallant lady. She was barely out of the hall when Chairman Fred Young, the New York Republican Party's Squire Weston, told those assembled: "The Conservative Party has been givin' us a little trouble. We're not goin' to give an inch. I'm not goin' into details, but thank God there are courts in the land that have a little common sense."

Senator Keating was nominated not by a convention but by a meeting of his party's state committee. The head table looked rather like a muster of the officers of a Boston bank with wide but embarrassed interests all over the country. There had been the losses from the earthquake in San Francisco and the Irish were a public nuisance in South Boston, but the holdings must be accepted as soundly balanced and the traditions intact. Even the portraits of the founders were there breathing and speaking. Richard Nixon and Thomas E. Dewey came to remind us all how rich the diet is in the Republican Valhalla.

The tone of the present was set by an audience which summoned up just one Goldwater poster and by the words of Senator Jacob Javits, which were a barely-disguised acceptance of Lyndon Johnson in reason and a naked acceptance of Lyndon Johnson in history. The Republicans assume that Johnson will carry New York by any figure you choose above half a million votes. "No national administration is going to cut out New York," Javits said, even if both of its Senators are Republicans. "You give New York equal opportunity and it will do all right."

"I move," cried Fred Young from the chair, "that we give Senator Keating a vote of conference [sic] by acclamation," and it was rendered with decorum, and then stood up Kenneth Keating, to talk, reminiscently one had to fear, about how he "had been rewarded by the happiness that comes from a full and challenging life. I will not appeal to the people with slogans and easy solutions. I will not appeal to them with phony panaceas and impossible promises . . . we want to reach the people by talking sense to them."

He was talking as Adlai Stevenson used to, a little clumsily from want of experience, of course, but still as reason does when it is allowed to in American politics, which is briefly in the pause before the crash of the triumph of unreason.

Then the Republicans were gone and, after Tom Dewey had reminded us that competence is no insurance against failure, Robert F. Wagner came to remind us that its lack is no barrier to success. The New York Democrats, like German tribes, went to barracks to choose their leaders, and the Kennedys came down, like the wounded to shelter, Mrs. Robert Kennedy and the eight children from Virginia, the Peter Lawfords from Hollywood, and with them the suspension of reason.

The New York Democrats rather disliked Robert Kennedy while they quarreled over nominating him. But then they looked upon what they had done and

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wept over his sorrows and their women ran after him and there arose a squeal that has not been heard in our public life since November, 1963. One witness confesses that he was so glad to hear that squeal again that he is not a fit man to offer any protest of reason. There is a part of us, I am afraid, which President Kennedy left behind and which is incurably Jacobite; we expect from the Kennedys a claim so close to divine that we cannot call it pretension. If the Attorney General has a wound so great that, not to heal him but just for a little while to relieve him, he must be made a Senator, then we owe him nothing smaller.

The Kennedys' Property

The New York Democrats did not unitedly feel this way. Their party has endured all the disorders of faction and has experienced none of the consolations of success that we have learned to expect of the Democrats in the nation. The New York party is managed by unsuccessful professionals and tormented by unappeasable reformers; neither faction really welcomed Kennedy, because they recognize that his is the threat of order. The professionals took him first. Some of them were Irish or distracted by an atavistic prejudice in favor of winning elections; the rest were brought into line by Mr. Johnson whose concern that Robert Kennedy go into exile overrides any caution about whether he establishes a government when he gets there.

Some of the reformers accepted Kennedy because he was at the worst new and, in their hearts, they had lost hope of outliving, let alone outfighting, the old by themselves. But others of the reformers could not accept anyone the professionals swallowed. And then there was Congressman Samuel Stratton of Schenectady, who had been rather solicitously cultivated as a potential Democratic nominee against Keating while President Kennedy was alive, and who now felt a lively resentment when the Kennedy family came to claim the property.

The scene then was by appointment raffish, rowdy, and rancorous. The Democrats had chosen to meet at the 71st Regiment Armory, which was built near Grand Central Station as a base from which the National Guard could repress any disorders raised among the Knights of the Footboard by Eugene Victor Debs. The atmosphere was dank and fetid; the Democrats had achieved a re-enactment of the Baltimore convention of 1912.

The delegates sat and fanned themselves languorously and skeptically with their paper straw hats. They could hear nothing; by some great leap forward in electronic techniques, their managers had found a public address system which made all sounds from the platform not merely horrid but incomprehensible. One delegate moved that the convention vote by secret ballot, and it was recommended from the platform that the motion be tabled, and the reformers bleated their assent to whatever they thought it was had been urged as an oath of fealty to Johnson and Humphrey and fanned themselves again and it was a long while before anyone felt the deed that had been done to them.

Some of the galleries began chanting "We want Stratton," at which a band appeared on the stage and drowned out this call from the disinherited. The tune was "It's a Grand Old Flag." In 1912, Lenin was the best judge of how the capitalists managed the Democratic process. The issue had come down to whether the Stratton people would be malignant enough to protract matters to the point where Robert Kennedy's acceptance speech couldn't fit into live television.

Robert Wagner arose to nominate Robert F. Kennedy with a speech unashamedly looted from the meanderings of Dwight Eisenhower about how he had begun with doubts and could now report them resolved. The Stratton people had all the vestigial emotion, and it was all rancorous. Congressman Otis Pike put the name of his cherished colleague into nomination in tones of extraordinary bitterness. ("Our party in this state has been, is, and will be sick, sick, sick until we make some changes.") The convention went to a roll call; at its end the Attorney General had 958 of the 1,114 possible votes, and Sam Stratton came to the platform to say that he was for Johnson and Humphrey and that he still believed in his principles and that, as for Robert Kennedy, he wished him well in the months ahead. Scranton did more for Goldwater.

Robert Kennedy was behind the balcony. His face still suffered as has become its nature in repose.

There is nothing yet we can give him, one saw then, to make up for what he has lost. Still, we shall probably try. He was holding his smallest daughter, a blond child lost in all this disorder, as close to his own cheek as he could. Then his time came to go out and speak; tenderly he put her down and tidily he ordered her hair.

And then he came to his platform and the defeated and conquered looked upon all this vulnerability and forgave him. He spoke for half an hour: "I need your help" the familiar voice rose, and the old changes rang in the memory, and he finished with one of those paragraphs which used to begin "In 1735 . . ." and in this case ended with a quotation from Andrew Hamilton at the trial of John Peter Zenger. He was just halfway out of the armory when the high heels began to run and the first girl squealed. And so the Democrats of New York have offered the electorate not so much a choice as an echo. It is not an echo against which, in fairness, any man of reason should be asked to run.

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The Trial of Lenny Bruce

by Albert Goldman

Manhattan's Criminal Courts Building, a grim grey skyscraper dominating the columns and porticos of the city's legal and administrative Acropolis, was the scene in recent weeks of an eerie summer arts festival. In its cool, religiously silent courtrooms, films were screened, and tapes played of night-club shows, and a parade of critics, columnists, editors, professors and clergymen pronounced on the merits of the works in question – becoming players themselves in a strange Genet-like theater with a raised bench of black-robed judges behind the actors, and row after row of absorbed spectators in front.

Billed in the press as trials of this or that artist for violations of Section 1140-a of the Criminal Code (Immoral Shows and Exhibitions), these legal dramas are the inevitable outcome of collision between America's first permanently established *avant garde* and the old guard who are the official protectors of public decency and morality. As an ultimate stage, the Criminal Court is better suited to the principal defendants – Village film-maker and critic Jonas Mekas, and comedian Lenny Bruce, cultural *kamikazes* eager to impale themselves on the spears of authority – than any downtown movie house or cafe.

Both the movie-man and the comic invited arrest in order to determine the size of the area in which society will let them operate. Jonas Mekas, founder of Film-Makers' Cooperative and bellwether of the *Village Voice*, has already been convicted for showing Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures* which displayed genitalia and other portions of the male and female anatomy, and he is now awaiting trial for sponsoring Jean Genet's *Un Chant d' Amour*, a story involving homosexual love.

The most notorious case in what is being called the "harassment of the arts" in New York is that of Lenny Bruce. His present trial for obscenity climaxes a six-month lockout of Lower East Side art activities by the New York City Department of Licenses, the New York State Division of Motion Pictures, and the city's vice squad, fire and municipal building authorities. Theaters have been padlocked, coffee shops driven out of business, summonses served, arrests made. The storm center is the Bruce trial, which began June 16 and swelled during the summer to Dickensian proportions. It concluded recently but no verdict is expected until late this month.

For this unprecedented crackdown, accusing fingers have been leveled at Robert Moses, who is suspected of wanting to "clean up" the city for the World's Fair; at Cardinal Spellman, who is leading a crusade against pornography; and at the real estate interests, which wish to clear the Village of beatniks. But the provocations have more than kept pace with the persecutions.

In less than a decade, the *avant garde* has transformed itself from a secret brotherhood of hipsters living dangerously in the deep shadows of hatred and fear of authority, to a band of beat "saints" welcoming a showdown in the courts – where they expect to triumph either legally or morally through martyrdom.

Lenny Bruce, who turned up in court looking like a bearded rabbi in the garb of the concentration camp, was once an impeccably groomed, stylishly accoutred Broadway entertainer who projected his satiric images of American society with typical professional aplomb. But when he found that his audiences were kissing the rod with which he flailed them, he insisted on drawing blood instead of pocketing his $5,000 a week and going on with the show. He demanded, "How many niggers we got here tonight?" or threatened to urinate on the audience. Eventually, he punched through the mask of the funny man and the satirist and emerged as a furious and sometimes frightening shaman, struggling, with the aid of lights, drums, chants and surreal fantasy, to exorcise the demons of the national conscience. Obscene language was as necessary to his act as dynamite to a miner. In the last year, however, he has suffered a loss of inspiration – partly attributable to ill health and emotional distress – and his use of obscenity has begun to resemble the twitching of a damaged muscle.

A magnet for cops and cranks, Lenny Bruce has been arrested for obscenity and possession of narcotics nine times in the past two years. The mere appearance of his name on a theater marquee last November provoked an arsonist to mine the stage with bundles of gasoline-soaked rags. In April the announcement of a regular run in a Greenwich Village cafe was the signal for Assistant District Attorney Richard M. Kuh to send in his plainclothesmen with recording machines under their coats and microphones in their tie pins. Bruce's New York arrest was no crude "bust." A grand jury of 30-odd leading citizens handed up an indictment and

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a three-judge panel was selected to try the defendant, with Kuh (who has obtained 100 pornography convictions) as prosecutor.

The forces for the defense were equally impressive. They included Ephraim London, who is the elder statesman of obscenity actions and a one-time attorney for Alger Hiss, and London's junior partner, Marvin Garbus. Poet Allen Ginsberg, who has proved in this crisis to be the most resourceful leader of the *avant garde*, circulated a pre-trial petition containing 100 signatures, including those of Reinhold Niebuhr, Lionel Trilling, James Baldwin and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burton. A dozen expert witnesses from journalism, publishing, the universities and the clergy testified on Bruce's behalf, and five rebuttal witnesses with comparable credentials testified against the comedian. As the trial progressed, the Criminal Courts Building, that had started out as a stage for Lenny Bruce, became a cultural Palladium where highly articulate, intellectual witnesses took turns trying to "put away" the impassive judges. Bruce sat quietly by, writing reviews of all his critics.

The three judges – John M. Murtagh, a Roman Catholic; Kenneth M. Phipps, a Negro; and J. Randall Creel, a WASP – made it clear that they regarded Bruce's work with profound personal distaste, but were willing to hear or read anything that could be said in the comedian's defense. To a man, defense witnesses asserted that Bruce is a brilliant social satirist, and then struggled to prove it from the crude and unfunny "bits" mercilessly laid out in the transcript. The inflation of values was bizarre: Bruce was compared to Rabelais, Swift, Twain, Joyce, Henry Miller and Hosea. All the witnesses found the "dirty words" acceptable by "contemporary community standards" (one clergyman remarked that the only bar to the use of Bruce's language in the pulpit was custom).

"A Brilliant Moral Man"

Inevitably, the trial had its humorous aspect. The tapes elicited strangled laughter from the spectators, court officers, and even one of the judges – until he was shushed. Another judge wanted to know if "goy" was a dirty word. Lawyer London once referred absentmindedly to his client as "Mr. Crotch." Dorothy Kilgallen, who called Bruce "a brilliant moral man," on cross-examination was confronted with a routine about a man who has been caught by his wife having intercourse with a chicken. Stopped for a moment, she hesitated, then demurely asserted: "Well . . . he got into some *other* animals too!"

Though the trial was good theater, it was not an honest search for truth. The defense witnesses evaded a direct confrontation with the facts. Instead of conceding Bruce's power to shock and infuriate by a public display of the ugly, the twisted, the perverse, and justifying his use of such powers by the remarkable cathartic effect he sometimes achieved, these liberal, intellectual witnesses turned the case into the conventional issue of the blameless artist versus the uncomprehending world.

The perversion of the issues apparent in the Bruce trial illuminates powerfully a cultural dilemna that is likely to become more serious in the future. Of the two obvious ways of dealing with a militant and revolutionary *avant garde*, the one – repression – succeeds only in driving it underground and thereby increasing its intensity. The steady relaxation of restraint exemplified by the Supreme Court liberalization of the definition of "obscenity" has an equally frustrating effect on those whose social contribution is relentless challenge to established values. To meet protest with ever-expanding permissiveness is to refuse to feel its bite, to translate it into "art" or "satire" or other expressions that seem comfortable, thus forcing the dissident into ever more extravagant gestures of defiance.

It is unlikely, however, that current trials in New York will establish a new code for dissent. The probable outcome is that Lenny Bruce will be acquitted of "hard-core vulgarity" – as the judge put it – by a court convinced that "it's a crime that he's getting away with it." If this happens – and any other verdict would be out of line with the rulings of the Supreme Court – the judges will not be the only ones to compromise themselves. They will be joining hands with the liberal intellectual witnesses – and even with the defendant. For the one really saddening thing in this trial was the spectacle of Lenny Bruce, the cause of all this commotion and the recipient of much praise and assistance, offering himself as a victim of the society he had once attacked so ruthlessly and so daringly. There in the tape recordings were the signs of unavailing compromise: in the mumbled obscenities, the elaborate but incoherent self-justifications, the obsessional narratives of persecution, and above all, in the total absence of the nihilistic rage and savagery that had once left his audiences shaken but grateful for a magical release – all gone – and his primitive but priestly function forsaken.

Perhaps the trials of Jonas Mekas and Lenny Bruce will convince the *avant garde* that no genuine confrontation with society is possible in the courtroom. Substituting the judicial setting for the stage gives the artist a momentary sense of engagement, and brings him a kind of attention he would not otherwise receive; but ultimately it tempts him to abandon his role of rebel for that of litigant, crusader or martyr. The worst is that even after the price has been paid, the legal encounter may nearly obscure an already dark and difficult problem, leaving the real tension unexposed and unresolved.

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Letter from Piemonte

by Norman Thomas di Giovanni

Accompanied by two Piemontesi friends, we drove out to the district of Le Langhe in the hilly back-country of the province of Cuneo some fifty or sixty miles southeast of Turin. I wanted a look at the town of Santo Stefano Belbo, where Cesare Pavese was born, and at the rugged hills and well-tended vineyards thereabouts which figure in so many of Pavese's novels, stories and poems. And more generally I was trying to see as much as I could of the rural north of Italy where Americans seldom travel.

We crossed the high Cuneese plain on good straight roads and at Bra entered the first hills, where crusts of snow lay in the hollows. More snow would fall (it was the end of February), but men were already out pruning orchards and lopping and bundling brush from grotesque stubby trees growing in widely spaced rows in the soaked fields. Our road wound among the terraced vineyards, up and up. The land was contained by stone walls, and the vines, supported by reeds and strands of wire, were long naked lines against the winter sky. From a summit you could look away and see on a farther hill the clustered buildings of an ancient town, towers, castles and defensive walls. And far below, sprawled in its stony bed on a course to the Po, was a shallow river bordered as far as the eye saw into the mist by perfect fields and rows of pollarded trees and aisles of Lombardy poplars marking the irrigation ditches. At every curve of the way you expected to come upon a caparisoned horse ridden by a knight in a metal suit. But there were only the contadini on bicycles – old men with great black capes wound around them – and leatherjacketed young men driving tandem trucks and motorcycles.

Near Alba was the vermouth country. Under a hill crowned by a five-hundred-year-old castle the plants of Cinzano and Cora bustled, their modern yards buried under stacks of empty bottles. We stopped in Alba, one of the centers of the Langhe and a town famous for the marketing of truffles gathered in the surrounding hills. There were some medieval watchtowers to see, with columned openings in the upper stories, and there were Lombard churches and plaques marking the places where partisans had been executed in the tight crooked streets by the *nazifascisti*.

Le Langhe began – Pavese's Langhe, the Langhe of *The Moon and the Bonfires* and *Paesi tuoi* and the last part of *The House in the Hills* – beyond Alba where the land was poorer, the hills steeper and the old stones spoke not so much of past artistry as of present poverty. We turned into the Belbo valley above Canelli where the tiny river ran between two commanding hills. The higher, Monte Cucco, had an old church sitting on its leveled crest; on the other stood a ruined tower of the Middle Ages. Under this hill with the tower lay Santo Stefano Belbo.

The town was very small. Behind the square it started halfheartedly up the hillside and quit against the impossible massive bank in a quarter of stone-paved alleys, some of them quite steep. Water seeped out of the hill, barely forming a trickle, but enough to keep the stones damp and cold. The crooked streets bore the illustrious names of Cavour and Mazzini, and the stone houses were squat. A big open place, ill-defined and unpaved, was the piazza. Was this the place so often mentioned by Pavese where the bands played at the fairs and festivals, and people the length of the valley came down from the hills, milling around the booths and the bandstand, dancing and drinking and playing cards? Now a corner of the square was cluttered with a makeshift amusement park that was left over from Carnival and seemed to be breaking up. A merry-go-round, some vans and booths, all dead. Alongside one of the vans, where those who ran the amusements camped, a big wash hung waiting for sun. It was noon, nobody was about, nor was there anything to be recognized out of Pavese's books. Instead, in the middle of the piazza a monument erected to the dead of the First World War towered above the merry-go-round and clotheslines, reminding one what a *minestrone* Italy's history has been in this century. For set in its cairn-like bases were marble plaques on which the names of the fallen had been cut, and the list had been amended to include the one or two killed in Ethiopia and those killed in the first part of World War II that was the Fascist War, as well as those who had died as partisans after the summer of 1943 in what is now officially known as the War of Liberation.

We turned down a side of the piazza pleasantly lined with plane trees and stone benches and a broad walk, and at the end of these trees in a quiet dignified corner, unexpectedly, was a small memorial to Pavese which had been dedicated last September, probably on the anniversary of his birth in the town in 1908. It seemed an excellent likeness, a bronze head on a square travertine shaft, inscribed simply, "Santo Stefano Belbo to Cesare Pavese."

The lives and places at the heart of Pavese were not the kind you discovered merely visiting a town. For in Pavese's writing about Le Langhe what he most concerned himself with was the life in the hills, the brutalized warped existences of contadini who with their bare hands and strong backs tore their living from an unyielding land, men half-starved on a diet of polenta and grapes and bad wine. These were the isolated farms the visitor saw only from afar, if at all, clusters of shedlike stone buildings with red-tiled roofs, huddled and leaning together, barn, stable, living quarters, toolshed, threshing floor and haystack sharing the same bit of ground. If you passed close

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enough you saw the dogs leashed to a long wire racing madly up and down their runs; if you read Pavese you knew the women there came down to lesser villages than Santo Stefano once a month to bake their bread and waited months on end in sickness for the doctor who climbed up to them on calls just once a year. We imagined we saw dozens of such places, and the glimpse of them alone, in their setting, made understandable those eruptions of violence encountered in Pavese's pages. There was the girl in *Paesi tuoi* pitchforked through the neck by her brother; and in *The Moon and the Bonfires* the wretched farmer who worked on shares and, overcome by "the utter misery and rage at his life which never gave him a break," kicked his sister-in-law nearly to death, burned down his house with the woman and her bedridden mother and his ox in it, and then hung himself from a tree. The country evoked these things, but not the town.

We had lunch in Santo Stefano in a trattoria fronting the piazza. At a long table in a cavernous room with a vaulted ceiling workingmen drank wine and wiped their plates with bread. But we were led past them into a smaller back room that had a coal stove to heat it and tables spread with cloths. The people who came to eat in here were dressed like businessmen and spoke Italian rather than Piemontese.

It was not possible to meet Pavese's contadini. There simply were no opportunities. I had to imagine that they were the same men and women we saw in the marketplace Tuesday mornings in Cuneo, in from the country with their meager baskets of shriveled apples and a few dozen eggs, standing in rows in the big cold shed, and with their holy patience waiting for customers. There you could look them in the eye and I studied them as they studied me. I watched their twisted black hands as they burrowed for a coin in their purses; they looked at my English shoes. There were two obstacles preventing contact: one was the language, the dialect, and the other was the celebrated taciturnity of the Piemontese countryman.

The language was a rather French-sounding dialect using a lot of French words and having also a vocabulary of its own. I recalled Corrado's flight from the fascists and Germans at the end of *The House in the Hills;* the first thing he did to blend into Le Langhe once he passed Bra and Alba was to adopt the dialect in his speech.

Coming up through the mountains from Savona on the train one evening weeks before we had had our experience of it, I was watching at the window, wanting to know when we left Liguria and passed into Piemonte. One other person shared our second-class compartment, and by his horny hands and burnt red face I knew he belonged to that country. Turning to him I asked where we were, was this Piemonte yet. I got the most dampening silence imaginable, as if I had spoken to the winds on the peak of one of his mountains. This man never acknowledged our existence. Later I found we had been in Piemonte at that moment all right – in the district of Le Langhe. Yes, a Cuneo friend told us when we related this incident, the contadino hereabouts is as closed within himself as his land is closed within these mountains. And when this friend used the word closed, *chiuso,* he drew his fingers slowly into a fist and tightening his forearm against his chest. I had read examples in Pavese of the commoner range of contadino taciturnity, such as this one from *The Moon and the Bonfires:*

"...I'd met old Valino already. Nuto had stopped him in the square

Young Pioneer

Out of the corner of my
elementary mouth I have denounced
my father, and now I stand
committed to a lonely journey
where tigers might devour me,
searching for a somewhere partnership
which only a deity could stomach,
but could condone as beneficial for
the youngling inner man,
stumbling along.

And stop to lean
against a tree blithely supporting
the blue sky as with permanence,
I peer down my path with eyes asking
to become half-blind with
nostalgia. I sniff with distended
nostrils, and stallion like
ask to be denied for wanting
to return to the burning stable
where my father set the fire
as he wept forlornly.

Until it is morning
and it is buttermilk white,
sweetly sour like the breath
of a child. Once I would go
stalking through it with bow and
arrow like an Indian, now the gangly
man turning his face to rules
not yet manifest
grimaces beardlessly
and suspects this silence more
than any bombardment.

David Cornel DeJong

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when I was with him and asked him if he knew me. He was dark and thin, with eyes like a mole which looked at me narrowly, and when Nuto told him laughing that here was someone who had eaten his bread and drunk his wine, his face clouded and he stood there without committing himself. . . . We told him who I was and where I came from, but Valino didn't take the black look off his face and said only that the land was poor on the hillside and the rains took away a bit more every year."

Leaving the trattoria, we went and looked up an old man in the town who had known Pavese. "Is this where the barrel-maker lives?" we asked at a door, and a woman, the cooper's wife, invited us inside to sit in the one heated room while she went for her husband, who was lying down after lunch in another part of the house. In came a magnificent bent-over little man with wavy snow-white hair, and taking his place behind a large table that nearly filled the room he greeted his four visitors with a great smile which never left his face.

He stood leaning over the table on his fists and spoke only Piemontese, saying he was sorry his Italian was not good. But our friends spoke dialect to him, putting him at ease, and they translated my questions from Italian into Piemontese.

"When he was a boy this high I knew him," the old man said of Pavese, leveling his hand table-height. "His father had a farm outside the town, but Pavese himself left Santo Stefano when he was still very young, five or six." He screwed up his deeply lined, ruddy face, trying to remember, and then taking his breath said he did not have much to tell.

"I saw a lot of him then," he started up again. "But the boy didn't talk; it was a funny thing, he never said a word."

"Didn't talk or didn't know how to talk?" I asked him.

"Didn't talk – shy, taciturn," the old man said. "He just listened to everything that was said and didn't speak. He was very strange."

"These people came from America to see Pavese's native town," our friends said in cross conversation with the old man's wife who stood like him at the edge of the table without sitting down.

"They say that's the way with deep minds," the old man went on.

"From America?" the wife said. She had been making a coat and the cloth lay there on the table between them. "They know about Pavese in America?" That seemed marvelous to her. But what the word America told her I did not know. Once when I told a man I was from America he said he had a sister there, in Sao Paulo.

When we were about to leave, the old man commenced on a long story about some business dealing with Pavese he had had in later years. Something to do with a property which Pavese's more business-minded sister had had to straighten out for him. "They sat right there," the old man said, nodding his head toward us. "He had said nothing; she did all the talking."

Afterwards we went walking in the town, looking in at a shop which displayed Pavese's novels in the window along with the lurid pulp novels that were the regular diet. I had my eye on the ruined tower on the hill and wanted to climb up there. In the steep alleys at the back of the town, searching for the path, we discovered a beautiful old church set on a platform that had been carved out of the flank of the hill. But only after we had gone around from one side to the other searching for an open door did we discover it was in ruin. There was no glass in the few windows and the plaster was damp and crumbling. A woman came out of a house to ask what we were looking for. We wanted to see the church. It was closed. Couldn't it be opened?

"It's closed forever," she said. "Abandoned."

"Too bad," I said, "it's a beautiful church."

"Was beautiful," the woman said. "There's nothing inside it now. They stripped everything, decorations, paintings, even the stones of the floor. The priests," she added.

"And what did they do with these things?"

"Well, they built a new church."

"Then everything is in the new church."

"Ah, no," she said. "The new church is as bare as this one – the priests sold everything."

From up on the hill the rooftops of the houses were not the usual red tile but a mixture of red and yellow, like Indian corn. We studied the bare damp vineyards. The walls terracing the land were built in the form of arches. The vines were small, on ancient stalks, and in the corners and edges of the steep vineyards were the beds of rustling reed that were harvested as stakes to support the vines. Far below a man pruned his vineyard. The air was mild but the sun was miserly, shining through a shroud of mist. But we could see straight across to Monte Cucco. Somewhere on the slopes of that hill Pavese's uncles still had property. The old cooper had told us. You could see the farms there, looking more like villas: the houses were nestled into the hillside and the yards were all planted in grapes. A road zigzagged up to the

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THE MINDS OF BARRY GOLDWATER
by Richard H. Rovere

Folksy platitudes on the hustings . . . but fiery polemics in print; massive federal power abroad . . . but fifty sovereign states at home; a constitution that means what it says . . . even when it doesn't say what it means. An erroneous record . . . or two different men?

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flattened summit where the church or small monastery sat.

Leaving Santo Stefano we drove up the Belbo valley in the opposite direction from Canelli. The hills around us were suddenly much higher and wilder. At a certain point in the road by a wall where a few poor houses huddled together and some rows of hazels grew in the strip of land along the river, I felt I saw the exact place where a partisan had died in an encounter with the enemy in a poem of Pavese's which starts, "You have no idea of the hills/ where blood was spilled." We crossed the river, heading up toward the distant ridge. Our road wound from one summit to another, each one higher, so that now the ground was covered with snow and we were in clouds. I was sure these were the hills Corrado had crossed, sleeping in haystacks and hiding in an abandoned chapel, as he made his way home. Groups of contadini in their black capes emerged ghostlike in the gray light as we sped past.

It was not until later that I thought again of the old man who had known Pavese as a boy. How had we ever found him? Somebody in Cuneo had given us a name, saying, "When you get to Santo Stefano look up Pavese's old friend Nuto, the *bottaio*." The white-haired man we spoke to had not been named Nuto. But there was a character called Nuto in *The Moon and the Bonfires* who made buckets and barrels. We had been in a strange town looking not for a real man but for a character in a novel. We might have been in Hannibal, Missouri, asking for a man named Huck.

King Ibn Saud's Saga

by Elizabeth Monroe

By any standards, the life of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia is an epic. Beginning life poor as Whittington, brave as Coeur-de-Lion and chivalrous as Saladin, he ended it rich as Croesus and, at the last, comfortless as Lear. Mr. David Howarth, who is an accomplished and readable writer on wars and heroes, has made much of this superb raw material. He has done considerable research into the life and habits of his man, and has written an exciting and a moving book. It will suit not only readers who like contemporary biography but those who ask at the desk for an adventure story. This one is true, and, into the bargain, is from our own century: to sample it as of the year 1901: –

The Desert King
Ibn Saud and His Arabia
by David Howarth
(McGraw-Hill; $6.50)

> "Ibn Saud flung open the door of the women's house and charged across the square. Ajlan and his followers turned at the sound and, seeing him, the followers ran for the fortress gate and bolted through the postern one by one. When Ibn Saud reached it, Ajlan was left alone. He had drawn his sword; Ibn Saud had nothing but his rifle. Ajlan lunged at him, sword raised to strike. Ibn Saud covered his face with his arm and fired his rifle point-blank, single-handed. He heard the sword clatter on the ground. . . ."

To quote more in this vein would be to rob the reader of excitement, but there are aspects of the book that are worth underscoring in order to show how outstanding and how many-dimensional was the man that it describes.

One immense difference between Saudi Arabia and the other states of the Arabic-speaking world is that it shaped its own fortunes. Elsewhere, either because foreign empire-builders were domineering, or because local rulers were awed by the long shadow of European power, the process that we call development was hurried on at Western hands. Within Arabia, either the deserts were too remote or the tribes too quarrelsome for even the British to want to tamper with them for long, and so "no major external forces played a part." By the time that

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the Americans made their successful oil discoveries, and developed these after the Second World War, a remarkable Arab was in full control, having been left free to conquer his local enemies, tame his unruly subjects, pursue his varied tastes, and evolve some ideas that were highly unusual for their date and place.

Nowadays, in all desert areas, experts working for up-to-date bodies such as the UN or World Bank are all for "sedentarization," which is the encouragement of nomads to settle for reasons of peace and economics. Ibn Saud began the practice as early as 1912. It may well be that in the original his idea sprang, as Mr. Howarth suggests, from religious zeal and military ambition. Settled people are easier than rovers to keep strong in the faith, and to recruit in a hurry. But very soon he had sized up the social and economic advantages of the policy, and had, with an instinct rare in a man of nomad stock, developed the oases and caravan cities of the Arabian peninsula for these ends.

Mr. Howarth is on sure ground so long as he sticks to Ibn Saud's personal traits and fortunes. His shortcoming is his lack of knowledge about, or maybe interest in, contemporary developments elsewhere in the Arab world, and the part that his hero played in them. He therefore contrives altogether to omit one important facet of Ibn Saud's career and character. He skips almost without pause from the King's contests with his obstreperous followers to a section of the book which he calls "The Millionaire," and which deals with the American oil concession and its celebrated consequences. A section that is missing should have been called "The Diplomat," for between 1930 and the Second World War, Ibn Saud developed an unexpected bent for international affairs; his grasp of them was extraordinary for a man who had never been outside the Arabian peninsula. After winning the last of his wars – a seven weeks' affair against the Yemen in 1934 – he dictated moderate and statesmanlike peace terms that won him some respect from hitherto alienated neighbors, and from then on he began to forge what Professor Toynbee at the time called "a chain mail of Arab solidarity" that heartened all good nationalists from Cairo to Baghdad. An illustration of his diplomatic techniques that should not have been omitted is the part he played in the affairs of Palestine from the moment when the British called in the Arab kings to help them with their dilemma during the Arab rebellion of 1936-39. Another diplomatic topic that would have been worth attention is Ibn Saud's handling of Nazi overtures – a factor that helped our side to win the Second World War.

During that war's course, FDR once wrote to Jesse Jones: "Will you tell the British I hope they can take care of the King of Saudi Arabia. This is a little far afield for us!" But that was in 1941. Long before the King's death in 1953, and even before the end of the war, his views on inter-Arab affairs had engaged the President's full attention. Saudi policy continues to do so today.

Senator Humphrey, Senator Young

by Gerald W. Johnson

Senator Humphrey would be the first to deny, perhaps indignantly, that there is anything new in this book. It is the same doctrine that he has been preaching for years; yet, as Madison Avenue knows well, a standard product newly and smartly packaged presents an aspect of novelty. In this presentation the Senator's package is neat and new and very smart indeed; so it is highly probable that to many people it will come as a revelation.

The Cause Is Mankind
by Hubert H. Humphrey
(Praeger; $4.95)
Tales Out of Congress
by Stephen M. Young
(Lippincott; $4.50)

Senator Humphrey is frankly, nay, ostentatiously, a liberal. He has taken note of the curious delusion of the Neanderthal section of the press that it can discredit the word by inclosing it in quotation marks, but this idiocy doesn't alarm, or even anger him; it merely makes him tired. He employs the word consistently to describe his philosophy and his policy, and even includes it in the subtitle of his book.

Yet a devotee of semantics might raise the question, is Humphrey in fact a liberal, or is he a pragmatist? Certainly in this book his argument rests upon the assumption that a governmental policy that works in practice may be assumed to be correct in theory, with the understanding that "if it works" means, if it produces the desired result without any horrible side-effects. He advocates nothing that hasn't been tried somewhere at some time, with marked success. He makes little use of the appeal to authority; like Al Smith, he looks at the record.

He covers an immensely wide range of subjects in small space, so his treatment is necessarily sketchy; but an outline as skillfully drawn as this one will serve the need of the voter with limited

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HOW TO PUT THE STATES BACK IN BUSINESS
by Governor Edmund G. Brown

A governor's briefcase often holds the desperately needed answer to a national problem . . . but no way exists today to take it to Washington for a proper hearing. California's Governor Brown offers a solution that might well cut through the swirling winds of national politics.

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time. It may safely be accepted as a description, substantially true, of the position of American liberalism.

It is regrettable, though, that Mr. Humphrey did not go a bit further, not in his philosophy, but in his condensation. He does not make quite clear the distinction between public works, as post-offices, and public enterprise, as the postal system. The two great fields of public enterprise are, of course, education and defense, as is attested by the existence of the public school and the army. Mr. Humphrey is full of interesting ideas on education, but he doesn't quite summarize it as training a child to function as an efficient member of a self-governing society, that is, learning how to be free. He is equally interesting and stimulating on defense, but only by implication does he give equal weight to defense of our patrimony, the continent, and of our institutions, the republic.

Yet to an observer as hopelessly unscientific as most of the reading public these two points help to clarify the liberal position. If the production of economic goods, private enterprise, is steadily less able to absorb the expanding labor force, stimulation of public enterprise is an obvious means of closing the gap, at least in part. This is admittedly simplification, but if it is over-simplification, well, let the opposition prove it.

Be that as it may, the Senator from Minnesota has offered liberals a book that in small space supplies them with a formidable array of weapons for use in the current campaign.

The one thing predictable about the peppery junior Senator from Ohio is that he will not do anything the way anybody else would do it. In the fabrication of a campaign biography for instance, it is conventional to have the work done by an "authorized," commonly meaning a subsidized, biographer who operates by applying unstinted praise (technically known as goosegrease) to the subject. But that method is not for Mr. Young; he does his own writing and he uses no unguents, but a mixture of vinegar and cayenne pepper with which he anoints his enemies.

As to the efficacy of this method the only judgment of any value will be rendered at the polls; but a reviewer can happily report that it is not dreary. In the arid waste of campaign literature it is a lush oasis, and for so much relief readers of all parties should offer him thanks.

The gaudiest spot in the book is the chapter in which the Senator quotes some of his replies to insulting letters. He insists that if anyone writes him a reasoned objection to his course, he returns a reasoned and courteous reply; but to the fellow who accused him of being the kind of character who would like to desecrate the tombs in Arlington cemetery, his response, in full, was: "Sir, You are a liar." To one who asked when he was going to withdraw his support from the United Nations his answer was even more succinct. It was "Never." His favorite riposte to exceptionally dim-witted abuse is: "Some crack-pot has sent me a letter signed with your name."

But all that is mere foolery. Where Senator Young gets in his deadly jabs is in dealing with fellow-politicians, Democrats and Republicans alike. This enables one to understand why he is detested by all sound organization men and is the delight of the independent voters in Ohio. He isn't always just, but he is usually effective and sometimes deadly. Yet it is significant that two men whom he has opposed on practically every issue, Goldwater and the late Robert A. Taft, he admires for their courage and forthrightness.

It is an interesting book, if somewhat carelessly written. Senator Young's syntax is as wonderful as that of former President Eisenhower and once he reduces the area of Ohio to 4,972 square miles, which would make it half the size of Maryland and slightly smaller than Connecticut. But one ends it convinced that there is a lot of truth in it, as well as entertainment.

Incidentally, it is the fifth book of the year in which a Senator has determined, like Chapman, to "speak out loud and bold." Clark, of Pennsylvania, Fulbright, of Arkansas, have each let loose one blast that has fluttered the dovecote, and Senator Humphrey two. Is 1964 to go down in history as the year of the Revolt of the Senators? At this writing it seems likely.

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Alibi for Rumania

by Richard M. Elman

Pre-war Rumania was probably the most anti-Semitic, the most corrupt, the most barbarous nation in all of Europe. In the rich but backward Danubian provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, in Transylvania, in the Banat, as well as in the Rumanian-held sectors of Bessarabia and Bulgaria, cruelty was an acceptable life style for the descendants of Dacian and Hun,

Incognito
by Petru Dumitriu
translated by Norman Denny
(Macmillan; $5.95)

Kuban, Saxon, and Szecklar: The Slovenes, the Serbs, the Armenians, the ethnic Germans, Bulgars, and Turks who, being neighbored to an ancient pagan animosity, enriched their Balkan soil with periodic pogroms and other outbreaks of violence, like the periodic overflowings of the Danube. The "leading classes" in Rumania were corrupt. The liberal bourgeoisie was ineffective where it existed at all, or else it formed just another selfish minority. Rumania discovered it had "minority problems" long before Hitler came along. In fact, the Fascist Iron Guard of Marshall Antonescu alarmed even the German High Command with its anti-Semitic excesses. Even the despised gypsies invented their own special set of anti-Semitic myths.

Nearly a million Rumanians died with horrifying acrobatics in World War I for no good reason. World War II was far more destructive: The Rumanians murdered nearly a quarter of a million Jews and several hundreds of thousands among the Russian peasantry. When it became apparent that Germany was losing the war, the Iron Guard turned on the Wermacht with equal ferocity. After the war thousands of ethnic Germans disappeared from the countryside, with Rumanian encouragement. In the post-war Stalinist hegemony over Eastern Europe, Rumania quickly became one of the most repressive totalitarian states. The Communist apparatus thrived in a country where torture was believed to be a fine art. Even now, as Rumania looks westward again (and there seems to be a consequent loosening of the old Stalinist controls) one is reminded that it was the Rumanians who originated the first "blood for goods" transactions with the Allies; it was the Rumanians who bayoneted downed American flyers during the low-level raids over Ploesti; it was the Rumanians, again, who urged Khrushchev's bloody intervention in neighboring Hungary, to settle an old score; and they are still willing to trade the sorry remnant of their Jews to Israel. This is not a pretty history. It is just barely coherent. When a member of the Rumanian *intelligentsia* confronts such depravity absolute candor must not be expected. It is sufficiently impressive that one should have finally cared enough to try.

Petru Dumitriu (who was a successful Communist writer in Rumania until 1960 when he defected to West Germany) still cares enough about his countrymen to have composed a lengthy novel on recent Rumanian history entitled, appropriately enough, *Incognito*. In Western Europe it has been compared with Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*. This is hardly apt. The difference between the classic Russian literature (of which Pasternak's work marks a final addendum) and Dumitriu's account of the Rumanian intelligentsia, from the start of World War II up to the present day, is precisely the difference between a great civilization and a squalid backwater. It would probably be very edifying for Rumanian readers if they could enjoy Mr. Dumitriu's revelatory prose. Since this is unlikely to happen in the near future, a Western reader is forced to ask if any meaningful parallels can be drawn between the behavior of Mr. Dumitriu's characters and his own life experience, or, failing that, if Mr. Dumitriu – in his effort to confront his ego and confound his political enemies – has found an adequate moral exemplum in all that misery. It is not so much that Dumitriu fails to face the facts. At his best (as in his descriptions of war and Russian POW camps) he is brutally expository, even though he manages to shed what seem like crocodile tears (and very few at that) over Rumania's persecution of her Jews.

But Rumanian experience is nothing if it is not unique. Not Pasternak nor Dostoevsky but an Isaac Babel could have written of such aimless viciousness. When Dumitriu stops explaining and merely tells what happened, one begins to get the point. When he writes about the suffering of his people under an alien enslavement, one may empathize with the experience even though one cannot begin to comprehend the causes. But when he counsels love as the ultimate weapon against such enslavement for a nation which has literally indulged itself emotionally to the point of self-evisceration, one begins to wonder if it wouldn't be simpler and more expeditious if everybody just tried a little harder to be nice for a change. Why tamper with the Rumanian soul? Why should Rumanian intentions matter? Must one necessarily abandon the ideals of social justice because the Rumanians, once again, have made a

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The Illinois Legislature:
A STUDY IN CORRUPTION
by State Sen. Paul Simon
as told to Alfred Balk

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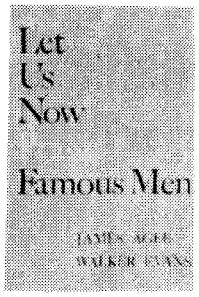

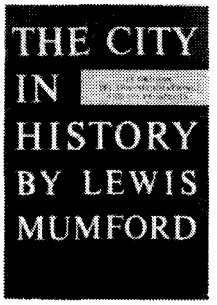

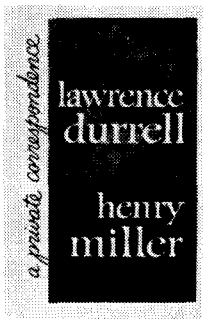

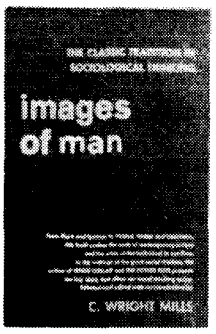

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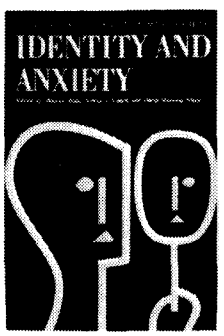

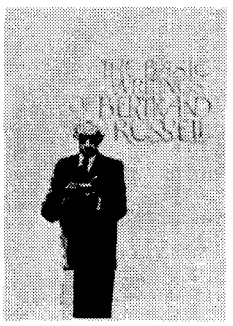

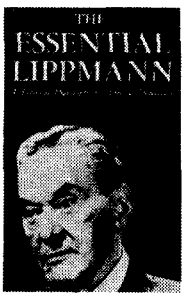

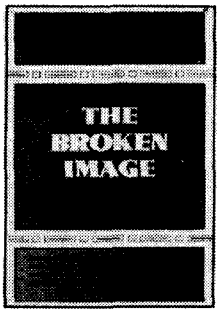

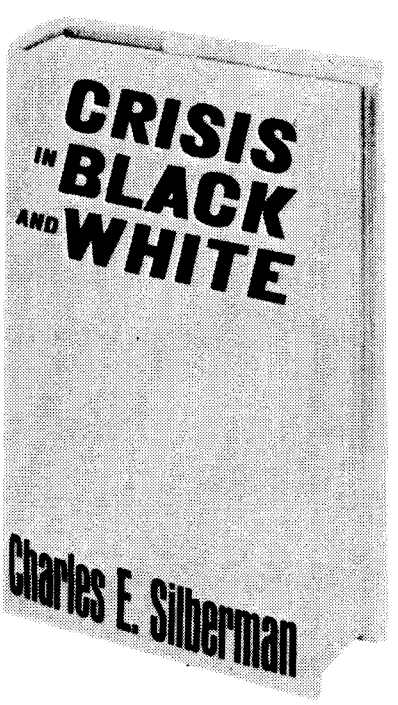

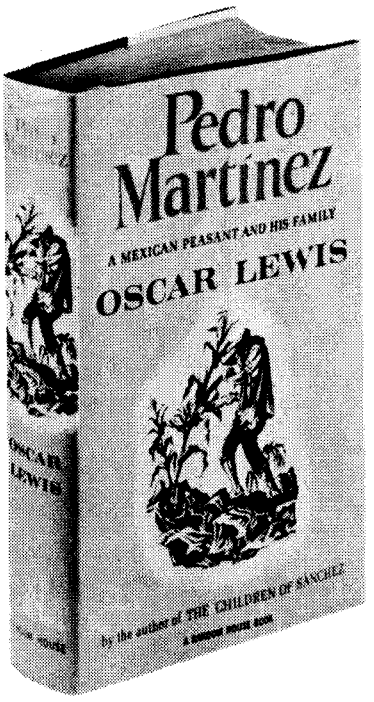

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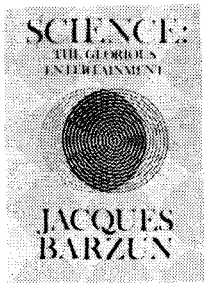

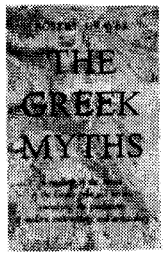

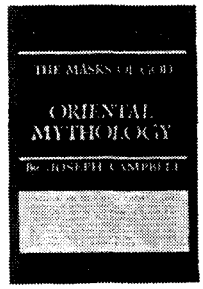

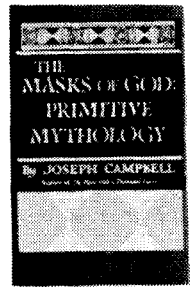

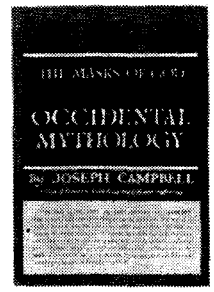

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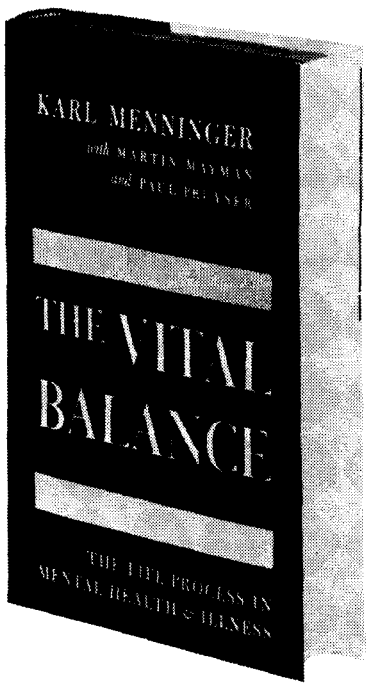

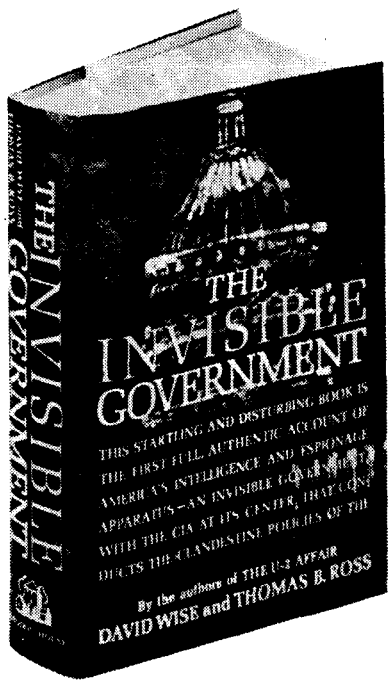
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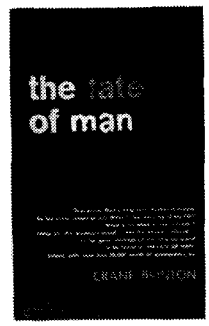

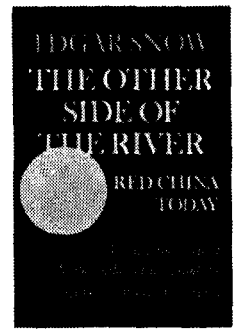

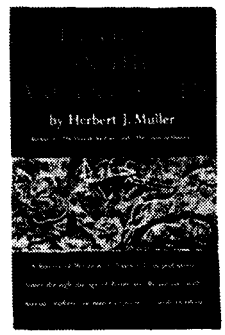

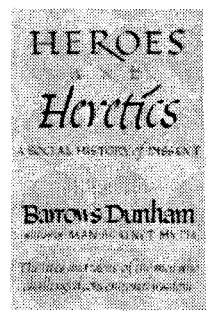

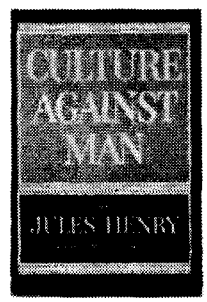

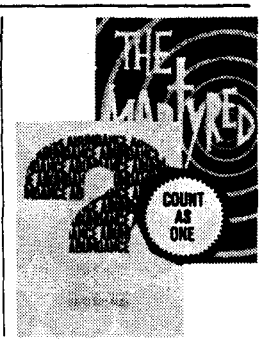

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hash of such a noble experiment? Probably, Mr. Dumitriu doesn't wish to seem as reactionary as he often allows himself to seem in his effort to transcend the realities of his countrymen, but the implications are still present in this otherwise courageous book.

Incognito, in its simplest aspect, is another in a long line of cold war novels which, if they are meant to be taken seriously, are nevertheless quite lugubrious. The form itself is a paradigm for a certain condition in contemporary literature, a novel within a novel, turning forever inward, becoming more and more obscurantist as it does so, and managing – by this process – to turn in ever-widening circles of religiosity and flabby abstraction, thus avoiding all but superficial confrontations with the responsible self.

A nameless member of the Communist security apparatus in Bucharest is blackmailed by officials higher along the line to take part in an "investigation" of another former member of the apparatus whom he once knew slightly. Sebastian Ionesco (the name we are told is a common one in certain parts of Rumania) has grown disillusioned with the Rumanian-style People's Government, has resigned his post, has undergone extreme hardships at a "reeducation" camp where he has come to see that "it was for me to justify the world by loving and forgiving it, to discover its meaning through love, to purify it through forgiveness." Back again in Bucharest, Sebastian quickly sets out to spread the word of his heretical doctrine among his former friends and his socially-prominent family. He is, quite naturally, considered a threat to the state. When his fellow *securisti* comes to interview him (himself on the verge of defecting to the West), Sebastian recognizes, by unknown means, a kindred spirit, and he entrusts him with his diaries.

The major portion of *Incognito* is these diaries, an account of how events brought Sebastian to the "most freely willed . . . most arbitrary" conclusion of his life, and the impact which these discoveries are said to be making on his investigator, as he sets Sebastian's observations down in cypher.

Sebastian's diary is also an occasion for Dumitriu to attempt to purge himself of his Rumanian past. It contains the most honest, the most evocative, the most scathing, and the most accurate reflections in the novel while it also manages to promulgate a legion of banal Balkan clichés. The Ionescos had been members of the pre-war leading classes whose delights included a "hint of masturbation and incest." Restless, Sebastian volunteered to serve in the Iron Guard. At the front he observes "the rosette of flesh" produced by an anti-tank shell piercing through a man's chest. He is also befriended by the Rumanian equivalent of GI Joe, Roman Romanescu, a feverish anti-Communist. Romanescu and Sebastian argue over old Rumanian atrocities as if they were wholly alien to members of the Iron Guard. At war's end, Sebastian joins the Pauker conspiracy, but Romanescu, with his peasant cunning and courage, holds out and is interned as a slave laborer by the Soviets.

The rest reads like Mr. Dumitriu's scant biography on the dust jacket of his book: Young and intelligent, obviously idealistic, Sebastian quickly rises up through the ranks in the Communist hierarchy until he has obviously swallowed all the horror he can stand, and then he seeks out obscurity and becomes an enemy of the state. When such a career is described in the first person, it is difficult to avoid the impression that this was exactly as it was in pre-war and post-war Rumania, but even that does not assure forgiveness, or, if it does, the forgiveness is unfortunately tempered with contempt.

Mr. Dumitriu has looked into the center of the holocaust and called for more tinder. This is typically Rumanian. When the Hohenzollern Prince Charles was asked in 1866 to be prince of the disturbed and occasionally warring provinces of Walachia and Moldavia, he did little to reform the institutions of the country, but it is said that he drew a line on the map of the world connecting Hamburg with India. "Rumania," he then declared, "is destined to have a splendid future." What do you suppose might have been our fate had this proved to be true? But this future was, in fact, believed to be imminent up until the very beginning of World War II. It was such a preeminent part of East European mythologizing that it even came to be believed by competent British scholars like the elder Seton-Watson, although events finally proved it to be as specious as the notions of human responsibility expressed by the author of *Incognito*. Every time he halts his narrative to become rhetorical, Mr. Dumitriu tells us that only God can save his Rumanians. The problem of such a formula is that it does not account for the minutiae of small ways in which the advanced nations have always managed to survive, to live in relative harmony within their borders, to reform themselves and replenish their resources. It was not God but the civilizing standards of behavior which Rumania has always tried hardest to avoid. One is reminded a bit of those racists who would enjoin us to change our hearts and not depend upon laws. It is all a trifle smug, but, perhaps, in Mr. Dumitriu's case it is also quite unavoidable. Although he had the courage to defect, he could not possibly have the resources to offer Western readers anything but an alibi for the Rumanians. A reading of his novel recalls an ancient Yiddish aphorism: "Do you seek to know the Rumanian soul? Better not!"

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FILMS

Less Funny but Less Serious

Some sympathy is inevitable for the makers of *Fail-Safe*, which has the same fundamental idea as *Dr. Strangelove*. Even if the new film were better than it is, it would be diminished by

Fail-Safe (Columbia)

the comparison. An added irony is that *Fail-Safe* is Sidney Lumet's best piece of direction so far, flawed, as usual, by his basic insecurities but containing some of his most effective scenes and some well-placed (as against misplaced) flashiness.

This might be called the "straight" version of the plot in which a squadron of SAC bombers heads for Russia by mistake; again, one of them gets through to drop its load. In *Dr. Strangelove* the squadron started because a crank, crusading general sent them; here it is a failure in communications. All squadrons went to fail-safe positions when an unidentified flying object appeared on the SAC screen; the UFO proved harmless and orders were issued to return. Most obeyed, but the Russians jammed the receiving apparatus of one squadron and the fat is in the flying fire. Belated co-operation between the US and the USSR to stop the squadron still permits one bomber to get through. Here *Fail-Safe* goes its own way, as did the Burdick-Wheeler novel on which it is based. Our plane destroys Moscow, and to prove that the attack was not ordered, to pacify Russia and avert all-out war, the US President orders an American plane to drop two Big Ones on New York. ("What else can he do?" sighs one reluctant but game general in the War Room.)

Like many inconsequential novels, *Fail-Safe* is improved in its screen version because – a subject explored here previously – photography of actual scenes and objects is far more convincing than inferior prose descriptions of them and the presence of actors supplies, or at least suggests, characters that inferior authors cannot create on paper. So those who could not really read this novel (I am one) can find themselves generally held by the film (again I am one). But those who think that this proves relative difference in statures between the two arts are misled, I think. A film on the artistic level of the novel would have been just as boring. Lumet is cleverer at his job than Burdick and Wheeler are at theirs. Several passages – particularly the tense episodes with much flashing equipment in SAC headquarters – are good old-fashioned chase sequences transposed to the electronic age.

The film has a few subtle virtues. Fritz Weaver lends his distinction to the role of a colonel who simply cannot break years of habit to tell the Russians a secret. One of the most delicate scenes Lumet has ever directed is in a general's limousine after Frank Overton, the general, has just picked up Weaver at the shabby home of the latter's parents. Henry Fonda, whether he is a Secretary of State, which he has been twice, or a President, as he is here, makes sane government seem possible and makes credible the melodramatic telephone conversations with the Russian premier: except for the city-for-city exchange, which lies beyond credibility (not possibility). The editing of Ralph Rosenbloom is altogether first-class.

Even in his best picture, however, Lumet shows insecurity of judgment and inability to stop straining for effect. He has committed two egregious errors of miscasting. Dan O'Herlihy, as a top general, has a rich voice and posy manner that surrealistically suggest an articulate bowl of fruit. Walter Matthau, a likeable wry comic, is a sort of Edward Teller character; Matthau knows he must not look for laughs and figuratively spends his time wondering what he ought to look for. Also, he is given an early scene with a madcap sophisticated girl that seems to have been included just so that there would be stills with a girl in them for theater lobbies. There is a bullfight theme – in O'Herlihy's mind – at the beginning and end that makes it difficult for the picture to start and slickly easy for it to finish.

Just as one must take the comic *Dr. Strangelove* seriously, so one can enjoy the "serious" *Fail-Safe* if one takes it lightly – another Wild Blue Yonder epic with bigger bombs. (One difficulty is that we keep hearing the *Strangelove* dialogue subliminally in the cognate scenes.) The theme that is spelled out in *Fail-Safe* at regular intervals is that man has built the machines too well, that they have taken over. But this theme is not dramatized in the script. It was man-made (Russian) interference that caused the jam-up, not mechanical failure or mechanical cataclysm. Nor is it mechanical failure or dominance when the pilot refuses (as he has been trained) to turn back when his own wife and the President appeal to him; it is soldierly obedience to duty, no more modern than Rome. But even if the script did adhere to its professed theme, it would be trivial because that theme is unsound. As has often been noted, the real trouble is that men *are* in control: of increasingly large mech-

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anisms without correspondingly developed judgment and morality. A quite different problem.

But even that theme pales beside the large tragic truth of *Dr. Strangelove:* that the human race has at least as much will to die as to live; that little egos prefer to go down with their little routines, prerogatives, false safeties rather than alter and survive.

A last word that applies to both films. One prominent objection to both of them has been that – technically, scientifically – such a bombing accident could not happen. We are all forced to hope that this is the case. But the objection that it could not happen is about as germane here as it would be if applied to *Gulliver's Travels.* A supposition has been made about facts to illuminate truths.

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Mesopotamian Legacy

Not too long ago we saw only Greeks and Jews when looking back to our most distant origins. The Greeks strolled through green vales and white cities, telling one another sad, pretty stories of gods and men. The Jews, by contrast, battled fiercely through parched and burning lands to build a city and to preserve a law. To be sure, we knew vaguely there were other people about. For Xenophon to conduct his retreat up-country, there had to be Persians to retreat from. For the Jews to be let go out of Egyptian or Babylonian captivity, there were clearly Egyptians and Babylonians of sufficiently advanced ideas to make intelligent and profitable use of captives. But these others were always others, never our own. Our interest in them, like our interest in the North American woodland Indians, was basically an interest in a kind of natural calamity that we had to encounter and surmount. Any sane contemporary view of events and cultures in the Eastern Mediterranean would obviously have rated both the Egyptians and the Babylonians as monumentally important super-powers, whose actions and sayings commanded the keenest attention of anyone interested in the essence of that part of the world or indeed in mankind itself. The same view would hold the Jews to be a very minor diversion, a footnote to the ongoing sweep of history along the Nile, the Tigris and the Euphrates. With sublime arrogance, we have traditionally reduced the super-powers to background figures and climates.

7000 Years of Iranian Art
Denver, through September 20
Kansas City, October 10
Houston, December 12
Cleveland, February 17
Boston, April 15
San Francisco, June 19
Los Angeles, August 20

This old convention of ours has started to be corrected in recent years. The rehabilitation of the olden times and of the "others" began with Napoleon in Egypt. More recently archeologists have patiently uncovered other objects from other civilizations and psychologists, starting with Freud, have as patiently speculated on the meaning of them all. In our time our appreciation of the Greeks has been pushed back to centuries long before the Hellenic and it is in those dim years that the very early Greeks, for us, begin to make visual and psychic contact with their still older neighbors. At the same time, archeological discovery and interrogation has revealed anew the saga of Abraham and his children as belonging in dozens of ways to the Mesopotamian milieu the Bible always acknowledged in God's boast to Abraham of having brought him out from Ur. Increasingly we are being helped to see the things that were left behind and the things that were brought along when Abraham came up from Ur and began to be ourselves.

The exhibition titled, somewhat misleadingly, "7000 Years of Iranian Art," now at Denver, opens still another border behind Abraham, the one to the

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East. For if the father of us all came out of Ur to the West, other currents of Babylon and Sumer flowed to the East into Iran, or as the land used to be called by outsiders, Persia. Iran overlaps Mesopotamia and stretches East to Pakistan and Afghanistan, also bordering the Persian Gulf, the Arabian Sea and the Caspian Sea. Hence by geography it has been in an inescapable position to function as a corridor for other cultures moving east or west. The show records traces of Alexander's Hellenizing conquest, but Iran was never subdued by the Romans and therefore never made Greek. The later eastward movement of Islam has been more permanent and is much more fully represented, as is the westward move of the Mongols.

But these arts of later conquests are not the center of interest in the show. That remains in the very earliest of the seven millenia represented. Perhaps by design, the show is very weak in those later periods. Persian art for most of us is still stronger in carpets and manuscripts than in anything else and neither is particularly impressive in the show. The whole Arabic-Mongol tradition is ruthlessly pursued to its watered-down 19th Century end, with palace portraits of harem beauties, eyes thickly made-up, navels bedecked in petals and jewels. Thus by contrast, the focus of the show is on the olden times. In those times there are very occasional references to the human figure. The female appears in the form of a fertility emblem, stylized almost out of recognition. Rather later there are elongated males of bronze, early Giacomettis. From the times that justify the expansive title of the show, there survive examples of painted pottery, humble vessels expertly decorated with figures that waver between recognizable representation and total, geometric abstraction. In both, the shape of the material is clearly evident as an influence upon the forms of decoration. Abstraction and figurative art appear simultaneously with no evident sense of one proceeding out of the other. The idealized representationalism of the Greeks turns up only in Greek examples and comes as something of a shock. Throughout the pre-Greek millenia, there is a common visual language in which the dynamics of geometric abstraction and the communicative values of representation are held in always effective balance.

As gold and bronze come into use the art becomes much more sophisticated. Looking back the clay figurines appear as folk-art, the more or less happy fusions of form and figure by unlearned villagers. In the metals, there are powerful artists at work, even though anything remotely resembling the modern, Greek-inspired, idea of art existing in itself is simply incomprehensible. Everything is useful one way or another. Almost everything is animal, too; such, at least, is the residual impression of the show. Cast bronze bits for horses present the ibex in a playful, tender vision. In beaten gold as cup, as rhyton, as beaker, the same beast, along with mountain goats, bulls, lions and winged creatures, are presented as embodiments of a smooth-flowing power that comes from elsewhere to take its course through these animals. It is here, finally, that we see what was left behind at Ur. Abraham himself was still a pastoral patriarch and given to offering rams and lambs to Jehovah, but between his children and those other ancestors of ours, the Greeks, the whole animal world became foreign to us and to our art. Birds and beasts turn up in our painting and sculpture mostly as decorative adjuncts – background again – to our self-preoccupied humanity. As with the Woodland Indians, so with the ancient Iranians, the animals were very real things in themselves and their natural force is felt in every line of a ram's head or a bull's thrusting body beaten into gold.

The exhibition also marks the end of a very important period in the story of the American government in art, that shaped by the Smithsonian's Traveling Exhibition Service, which was in turn shaped by its director, Annemarie H. Pope. Through the Service, the Smithsonian has provided an instrument for the cooperative endeavors of a well-established group of this country's leading museums in importing ambitious and highly instructive exhibitions. Best known of Mrs. Pope's efforts have been the stunning exhibitions of drawings from great European collections. She ends her career, or this phase of her career, with another brilliant success gone out from the National Gallery to the museums here listed. Her move is part of a general reorganization undertaken by the Smithsonian's new Secretary, S. Dillon Ripley. One aim of the reorganization is said to be to provide some measure of centralized assistance to American museums. For the art museum in America, the Traveling Exhibition Service, under Mrs. Pope, has performed that function superbly.

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Norman Thomas di Giovanni *is a poet and translator.* David Cornel De Jong *is the author of* The Unfairness of Easter and other stories. Elizabeth Monroe's *newest book is* Britain's Moment in the Middle East. Richard M. Elman's *forthcoming novel* A Memoir *concerns family life in Rumania.*

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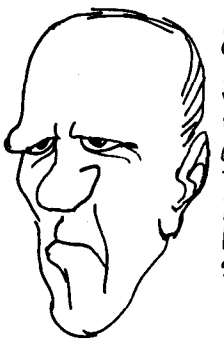
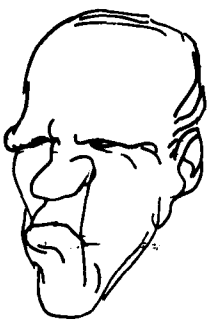
JULES FEIFFER

HELEN MY WIFE WHINES HERSELF TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT. HER FAVORITE TUNE: "WHY AIN'T YOU EVER **NICE** TO ME ANYMORE, BARNEY?" WHY CAN'T HELEN BE MORE LIKE MY MOTHER? THIRTY YEARS OF A BAD MARRIAGE. NOT A PEEP OUT OF HER.

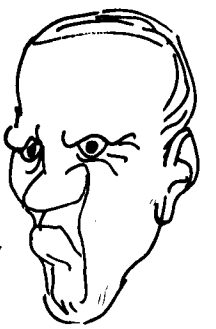


AUGIE, MY MIDDLE BOY, COMES HOME BLEEDING TWICE A WEEK. "THE GANG," HE SAYS. WHY CAN'T THERE BE CHILD LABOR LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS WHERE KIDS WENT INTO THE FACTORY AT TEN AND STAYED OUT OF TROUBLE?

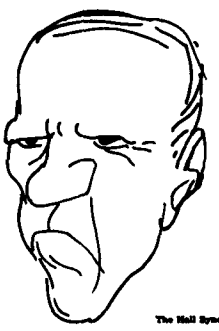
RENEE, MY OLDEST, BRINGS HOME A GUY NOT EVEN IN OUR RELIGION. WHY CAN'T IT BE LIKE IN THE INQUISITION WHERE YOU COULD GET A GUY IN TROUBLE FOR THAT?



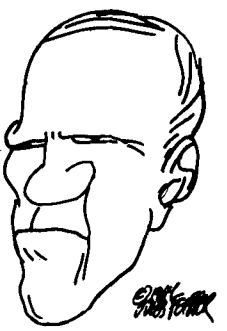
LEROY, THE COLORED KID DOWN AT THE SHOP, OUTWORKS ME AND GRINS LIKE A WISE GUY. WHY CAN'T THERE BE SLAVERY ANYMORE WHERE I COULD SELL LEROY DOWN THE RIVER?



I STAY UP HALF EVERY NIGHT TRYING TO DRINK MYSELF TO SLEEP. WHY CAN'T THERE BE A FOURTEEN HOUR DAY AGAIN WHEN A MAN COULD COME HOME REALLY TIRED?



SO I'M VOTING FOR GOLDWATER.



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From Rostow's Seventh Floor

Sirs:

An otherwise admirable critique of W. W. Rostow (July 25) was marred by Louis Halle's failure to discuss a subtle, but insidious defect in the professor's analytical procedure. Mr. Halle seemed to attribute a certain "crudeness" in the professor's statements merely to a lack of painstaking thought. But to me this explanation is not completely satisfying.

Professor Rostow's reputation is based primarily on his theoretical work, especially his hypothesis concerning the stages of economic growth. This and more recent hypotheses are notable for a number of challenging insights. Despite this, many of them are subject to the criticism that they are not formulated in a very rigorous manner. It is difficult to accord such propositions the consideration due scientific statements because Professor Rostow has apparently failed to accept a scientist's responsibility of specifying the conditions that constitute refutations.

For example, consider one of the quotations specifically criticized by Mr. Halle:

> "Communism is a system of organization designed to project its power abroad, to the maximum degree compatible with the maintenance of its dictatorial grip on power at home."

In citing Yugoslavia and Albania, Mr. Halle apparently has provided exceptions to Professor Rostow's statement. These particular counter-examples are so obvious, however, that Professor Rostow must be assumed to have considered them. But if so, he has given no hint of the number or nature of such counter-examples that might constitute a refutation of the thoughts presented in *View From the Seventh Floor.*

Professor Rostow evidenced the same thought pattern toward his *The Stages of Economic Growth* when I heard him lecture in Great Britain in 1958-59. On those occasions, Portugal and Ireland were suggested as exceptions to this theory of growth. But Professor Rostow would never state whether such examples did refute his hypothesis. Would four exceptions constitute a refutation? Six? Ten? No one knows. It appeared that he had couched the theory in a fashion that ruled out any possibility of refutation.

Just as one must always wonder how many refutations will be required to demolish a Rostow hypothesis, one wonders how many Halle critiques will be needed to make the point reach the seventh floor.

Allen LeBaron
University of Utah

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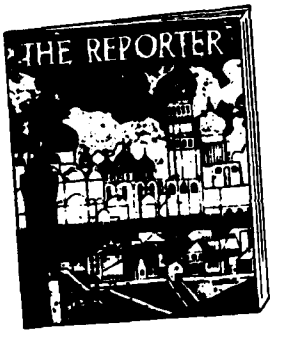

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